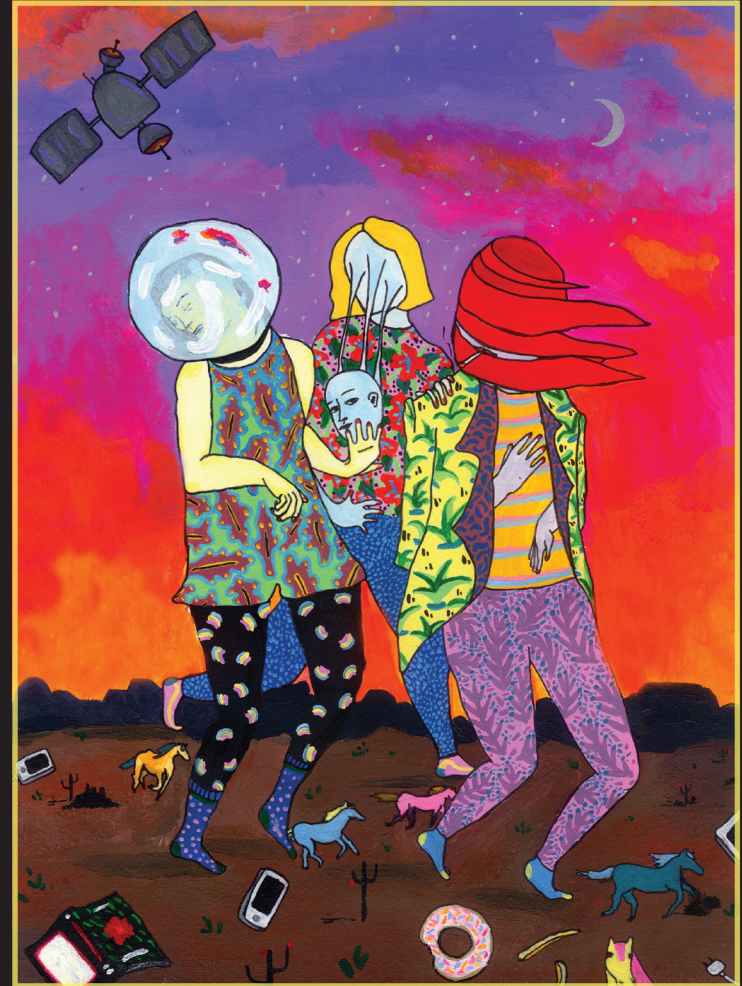


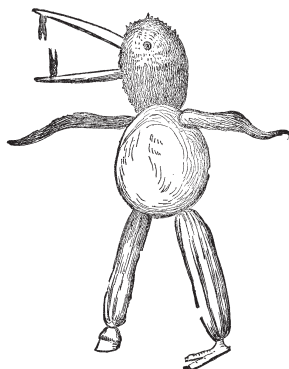
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NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE ARTS

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California. Dept. of Motor Vehicles. (1922). *Table of approved headlight devices, candlepowers and adjustments, with photographs of devices and light distributions: traffic signals and list of approved signaling devices; directions for headlight adjustments; cautions and "don'ts" for the driver to be observed under the California Motor Vehicle Act. September 1, 1922. Division of Motor Vehicles of California.* Sacramento: California State Printing Office.

COVER ART:

Colleen Louise Barry

AT MCCARREN POOL

Samuel Amadon

Here I am with all the words
I didn't used to know. Here
Where cement and point
Collide, where the horizon

Falls off everything. It's odd
To be completely alone
With what you've made. All
The different orders

Handed out on slips of paper—
Or cupped against an ear—
So I'll never have them
Again. Messages passed, as in

This is a type, that a wave.
"Here a Roman arch,"
A Roman font may
Claim. Sometimes it's not

The people, but a person
I address with his face
Around the corner of
My eye. Take the walls of your

Apartment, or the doors
Between your rooms, while
The subway car passes, and
A tiled vestibule. You fell,

And found a stool, slumped
Onto a silver counter, bent
Between a wall of hot glass
And ice in your wax paper

Cup. You can't hold that for
Long, when all these people
Keep turning like gears
Which lock in the air. It's

Uncanny, I know. Opening
Envelopes filled with
White paper, I look around
And feel the middle of

Each thing unfold. Only
The mountain stays
Me, but there is no
Mountain, like something

Remarkable someone said
When I was in a different
Room. Personae cross
And form what we'd call

A smudge. A little gray-gold
Center, rotted into a voice.
Or turned like that, when
A notepad was bent in half.

There's just no way to see
Without images
Accumulating, without
Hundreds of them flashing

Their availability. Even as
You rush into the street—
There, the angles in
The crosswalks. It's a city

Full of the bank's blue
Awning, which lifts from
Inside its frame. Maybe it's
As simple to remove this

Red box of paper as it is
That faded countertop, but if
One doesn't intend to make
A pile of these things, then

Where do they go? I have
A friend who's taught himself
To recognize people he
Doesn't remember as a kind

Of aggregate person. Maybe
That's not something
He learned. Maybe it's just
Part of what lets him

Forget. That's not me.
I don't walk around
That way. I might lose
The sentence, but

I keep what I was trying to
Say. It turns on me,
And I wish I could push
It off, or take it

Between my fingers,
Make a mark on
The part of my thinking
That's your thinking. Not

The years in decay but
The shifting we move in,
Which I have no
Word for. Not today. This

Occurred to me, and a series
Of voices spilled across
The empty pool in ways
No one could recreate.

A STORY ABOUT THE ORGASM

Nin Andrews

A young orgasm joined an artist colony, thinking he might want to become an author, but instead of writing, he watched a certain woman all summer long. She was Vietnamese, a poet, almost fifty, and the more he watched her, the more he wanted her. He wanted her like a seeker wants God, like the starving want bread with butter and a pot of warm tea. It was how she moved him with her thoughts that drew him. How, when she stared at the ceiling, clouds moved through her mind along with biscuits and summer rain and dreams. He wanted to ask her questions. He wanted to answer her with his own tongue, if only he could form words like hers. One night when the woman was preparing for bed, wearing nothing but a men's large tee shirt, her pale legs bathed in moonlight, she felt his presence. She addressed him directly. *I think you have been watching me*, she said. *I think you want to have me, not just once, but night after night*. She was that kind of woman. She spoke her mind. She knew the difference between an orgasm who lusts and one who loves. But then she said, *I have lost my desire. It left with my lovers. I had three, but they abandoned me soon after I had a double mastectomy*. Lifting her shirt, she showed him the space in her chest where her breasts once were. She expected him to look down or away, to apologize and leave her as the others had. But instead the orgasm ran his fingers across her slender scars, tracing her pain with awe. For it is the scars of humans that attract the orgasm. Such luscious scars, such beautiful pain, the orgasm sighed before he touched her neck, her lips, her soft brown arm. All night he held her while she wept. The morning after, the woman felt as if she had bathed for the first time in years. A warm glow filled her chest and belly and between her legs. She felt so calm then, poems flowed from her pen. Swallows came to her window and sang to her as if she were one of them.

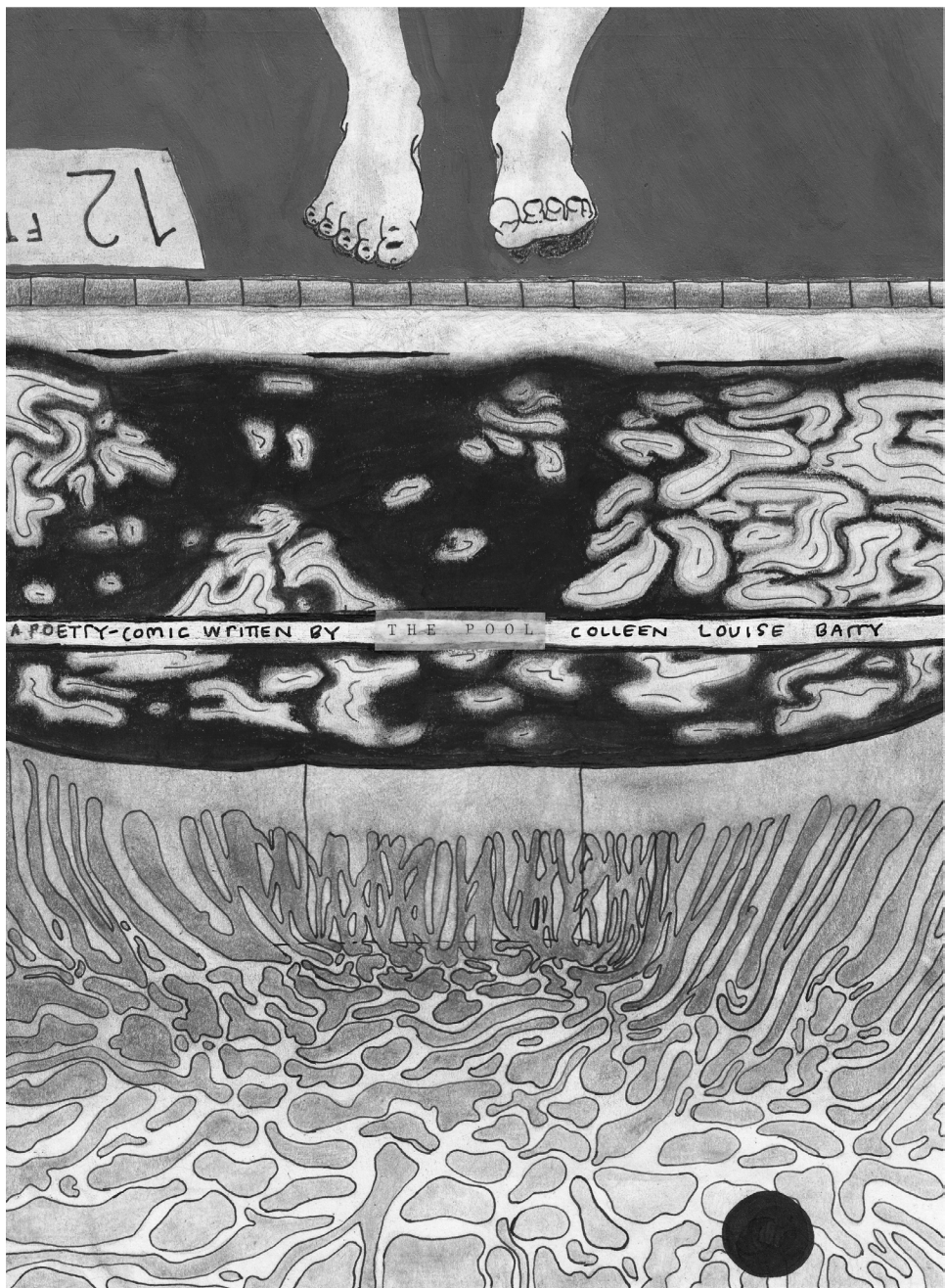
DISTANCING EFFECT

Jessica Baran

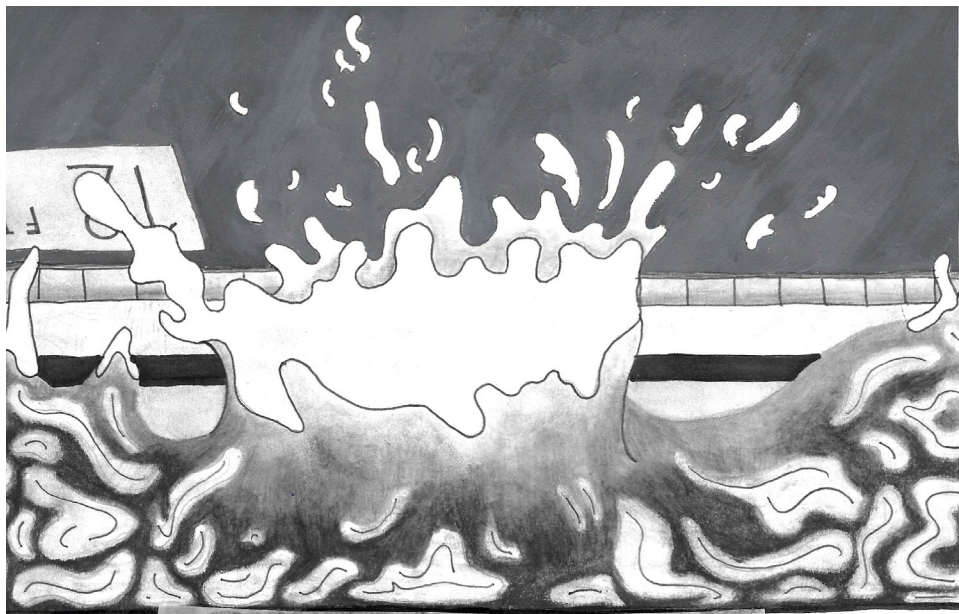
OK, maybe it's good you're forcing me to do this. We're all making strange. No audience cliché. No extra wall. The entire conversation transpiring as if our backs were facing the camera. You get it: no fiction, no fun. What about all those hands. The touchy stuff. Tax season comes and goes, as do other financial incentives. The establishment of contingencies and assorted federal codes means more permanence without fuzz. I extend my arm and it's as though I'm affixing a cinder block to the soft ground, establishing a foundation. The frivolities of the tongue — this kind of plastic versus that — seem useless. Sense-free, a real stunner. Lengthen the waistline, that's right. An overlord sort of texture, like lemon or sequin or pine. Like the inside of a car acting new, as some can. The metabolism of a rat recalls *Cabaret*. All sexes are jumbled, all brown shoes are found in one pile, and no one sees you wave when the train flashes by.

DAYS OF WINE AND DRONING

Sure, I follow the news. An officer shoots a man holding a woman. No knives were involved. Let's see where the egg takes us, what astronomers make of less fettered animal access. One can't even begin to imagine the incompetence of yesterday. A overtook M, and the whole house now feels inspired. Long odds were faced, but what we came to know was something about networks. Unlikely friendships. The persistent interference of moral authorities. They wonder over our sense of sport, our desire for casual cotton. Did you hear the whispered subtext: *cement power*. Streets have secret names and values. Tensions may fade, but the hunt for hazmat tunnels on. Have you any idea what "revenge porn" means? I believe it involves details regarding the robust progressive agenda. All I see is you across the table. I wonder what you'd look like without a cup. I wonder if I've forgotten how to remove clothing, it's been so long since I've drawn a bath. We do come in heavily armed units. We are used daily by millions of people. Step back in line with policy sanctions. Violence spills from my mouth when there's nothing to read. This show must not be missed. How much I think about fucking, how impossible it is to really fuck while thinking.



A POETRY-COMIC WRITTEN BY THE POOL COLLEEN LOUISE BARTY



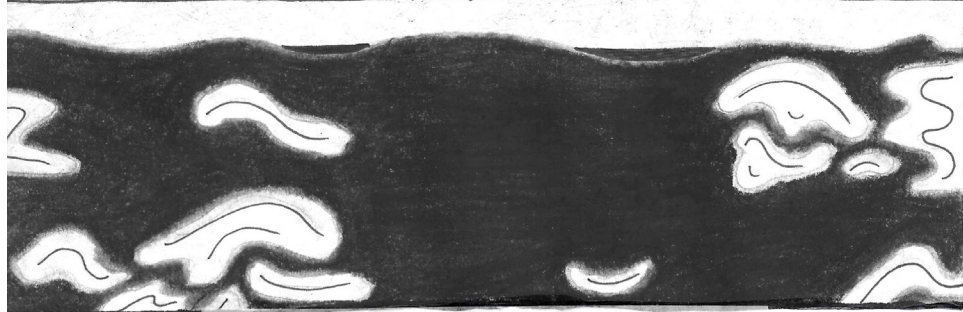
my life, a body long / i labor to keep it / fluid / i swim





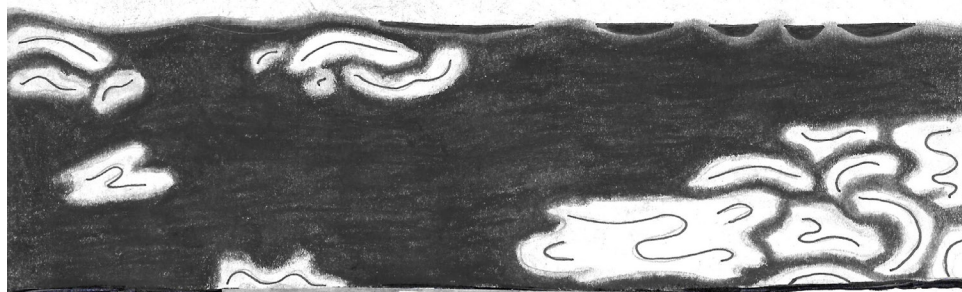
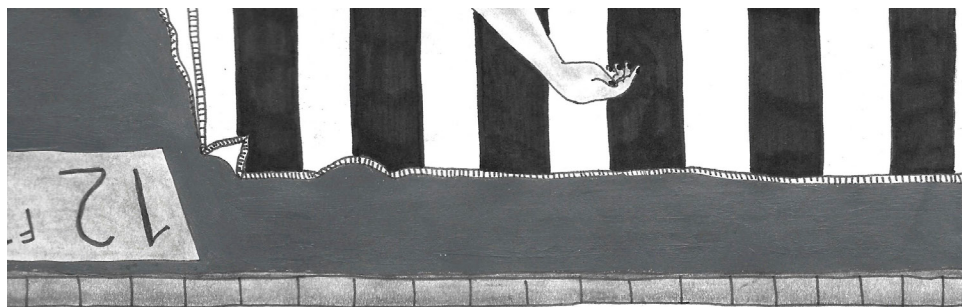
in a body / the ecstatic white light of water / in a water / the moon-face



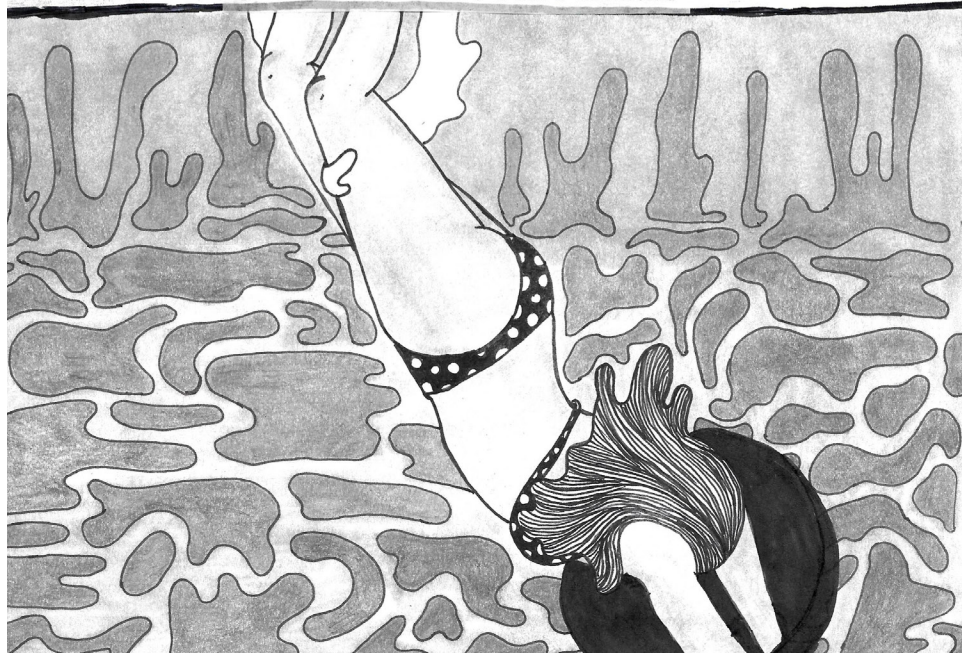


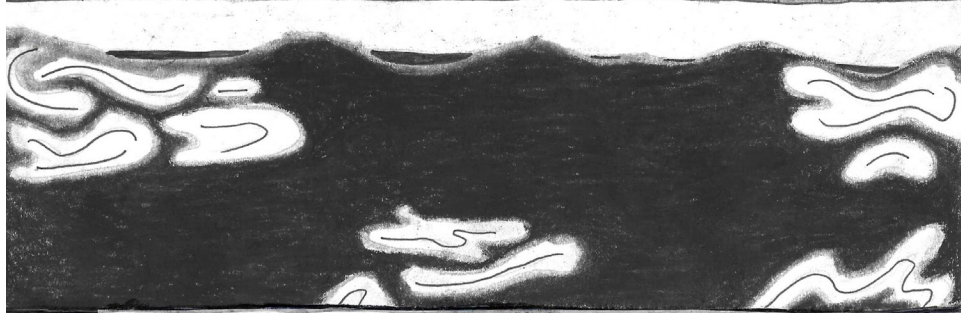
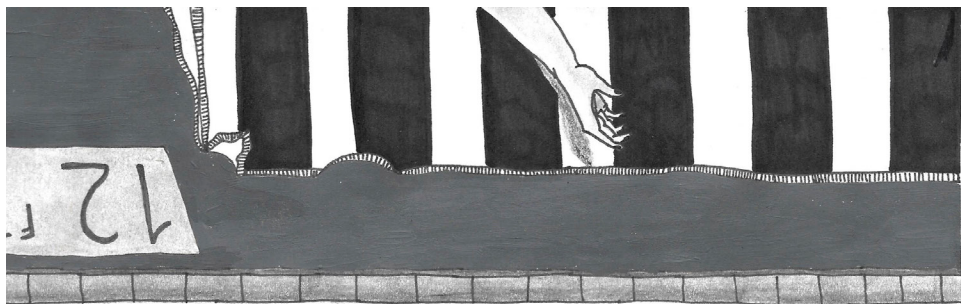
it is like a plate of juice / a conversation over head





toward a surface / what / i don't understand





i feel it is / just like eternal no-body / i feel it / rushing over my skin





ALTER/NATIVE

Jason Bradford

Here I am
staring
staring at a photo
of a beach
saturated with neon blue phyto
plankton.

They shimmer
like bluebells, like
laughter. I stare

at this photo
for hours
like a target
to toss darts
at.

Except, I can[not]
throw darts.

My biceps are atrophied.

Some days

I can hardly lift my hands.

It isn't that I can[not] imagine
the orange sand
offset by the lights bleeding
into
the ink\jet sky.

It isn't that I can[not] capture
the whale breath
of the ocean, full of brine
and baleen, or the single sea lion
sleeping like an overturned yogurt cup.

What bothers me is
my toes [can]not slip into the water
and feel the iridescent ghost
seep into my skin,
without being carried to the edge.

I [can]not splash in the waves,
or scatter the neon dust
without someone's hand holding my head
above the water's gray grit.

Instead I imagine
myself floating
in the constellations swirling

through the waves as they recede

back

into the vast space

of sky.

IN EVERYTHING ERASED

Carand Burnet

I am whitewashed exactly like light
the peroxide exactly like ghost crab eyes
the vacancy
tell me why a body sides against itself
why would a ground like skin side with uncertainty

look at the sky as skin a framework a sheet a shellacked insect wing
a dried snake skin the faith in flesh eased erased

how the spring brings the spider plants shuttering
how the spring brings out our nerves collapsed

every feeling should have an aftermath like a crab drawing its boundary in sand
the nerve twisting it looks like an autograph
or it designs a map

does a nerve burst in coldness or is it being bold
does a nerve observe a current or is it blurred impulse
did we ever consider that we're all guilt and laced by nerves

the praying mantis hooks air with her claws
she hooks a nerve of air
the praying mantis she vibrates like a leaf or is she seducing

dear skin watch the sand's paramount movement
does it feel the infinitesimal crab feet needling
or neuropathy
dear nerve dear capillary tell don't show when you're shaking
shake the rain dear hand dear skin
does the water feel its shattering

OVERHEAD THE EXPANSE

how feeling is
a brightness a whiteness I'm told
like sugar burned by bone a sweetness bleached
against the backdrop
the clouds overhaul themselves an ivory weight

if you lend memory a shape it's white matter on every image
a sentiment a few seconds where a car rages in windshield glass
and the clear is shattered limitless like looking at water's underskin

on a bench, you face me all you've seen is linked
to the length of a horse
the cart it carries distantly retreats
and a Muscadine smell sings you to blankness

eventually you'll remember your own hum a momentum a haze
the intercostal space between
even if it lasts as long as a termite eating a branch
its glassy wings flickering a colorless cell strange purpose and clarity

does the body move in habit or happenstance
a shined dragonfly brevity drying dying in the windowpane
or is the body routined a music sheet singing of copied feeling

in roanoke there is the mother-vine at least four centuries old
each foot grew by slow hour like a spine
each arching branch a bridge age undermines it
a heavy scent blankets overhead the expanse
a tucked in, spoiling sweet
only gravity tragedy doing its job
sadly you say it then you laugh

MY EYES CARRY UNACQUITTED DAYLIGHT

my eyes carry unacquitted daylight
 holding the bright scintillant surf
 good morning seaweed heaps on the beach
the sky and sound is concurrent the gulls distancing themselves
from cell towers their receptions earshot as they greet

is the air an open field or is it filled with impulses hidden wants thoughts
 what's not a liability only dreams

whatever chamber cavern between hearing and seeing
 today is an empty cave it demands filling
 like a frogmouth's neon yellow gulf your shining impossibility

all I see shimmers slipping fall leaves
 droplets objects glistening on a retinal screen
I only see projections sounds that overlay each image I believe

 watch these shade-drawn subdivisions
colonnades of lawns alert like hair follicles meet adrenaline

one thing fixes itself definitely inside my mind a conch turned inward
the wind burns to bare touch burns to bare watch
if we watch it why it must hold meaning why not relentlessly

from I HAVE A TEACHER

Emily Carlson

for Kofi Awoonor, Kwakuvi Azasu, and Rebecca Cherkín

O N E
A C C R A

I came to Ghana to ask the great poet Kofi Awoonor
about dirges To climb from death's canyon all echo
Despite the painting of Jesus in the Carnegie pressing
his finger into the eye of a blind man who saw humans
like trees walking the words Shaman Guru Medicine
Man Fetish Priestess Medium Galaxy Genius
beyond my frame

T W O
P I T T S B U R G H

As a child I heard the voices of animals of trees heard
death talk hushed and stuffed behind the cemetery's
locked gate waited in bleached classrooms with caged
mourning doves until I buried her beautiful round
face white and bruised body and she disregarded the
rules she spoke to me

American faces nodded pity a hard time a stage grief
in unison stripes what stars we students defined
technology industry advanced civilization's closed eye
undrinkable rivers fire from the faucet when I said I
hear my dead friend no one spoke about dimensions
or knew what to say

T H R E E
W I N N E B A

Instead of telling Kwakuvi about her death I used
Audre Lorde's words to say I am "seeking a now that
can breed futures like bread in our children's mouths"
Kwakuvi heard the question under the question
That I wanted release from death's echo That when
I passed the boxmaker's shop the coffins stacked in
two tall rows I saw her body in every one

That's how it is he said in Ghana any loss can be
celebrated with the dirge if someone's coco farm
catches fire and the fire becomes too strong to fight
she may hold her hands above her head and perform
the dirge she can't do anything else to comfort herself

F O U R
A C C R A

Did Amina and I realize we came to touch beyond
shadow a language we heard but couldn't speak our
ancestor's the hands the bark of trees our eyes galaxies
what voids we imagined between cells vibrated alive
our bodies held us

F I V E
C A P E C O A S T

Amina and I heard the dead in the dank dungeon
its ceiling a floor where Christian Dutch British
Colonists stood to praise an all-white golden God
human suffering with their ears closed my girl body
my whiteness grown in judgment to the last degree
unchristian un-educated unscientific savage what I
was said you are not me In the dungeon Amina held
my hand Why did I feel alone after my friend died
when from another dimension I could hear her

S I X
K W A A B U E T T E

Amina invited me to Kwabuette that I would dance
beyond my shadow I thought my friend was a wave
that she was born and died After dinner walking the
shoreline to bury a kitten it had fallen from my hands
behind a tower of djembes I saw waves are always
water birth and death illusion that I had known and
lost a language Amina stepped on a shell we rinsed
the cut in the lagoon an infection formed Unable
to touch her foot to the ground she leaned into me

S E V E N
W I N N E B A

It seemed all-of-the-sudden when on his porch Kwakuvi looked sideways at me and called me a witch He said it nicely I hadn't done anything I never asked what he meant He told me the wall in the air is a wall that opens Unlike Karana in *Island Of the Blue Dolphins* who admits "In all my life I've never been able to speak with the dead, though many times I had tried" I could hear my friend "Call my mother" she'd say Nothing earth-shattering but she'd ask at inopportune times and at the turn of the century when I had no cell phone and lived in a different time

E I G H T
A C C R A

At a table outside his classroom I introduced myself to the great poet Kofi Awoonor “I am here” he said “I sit on the world’s extreme corner” he tapped the table edge as he spoke the dirge did death’s pain dissolve

It began with a stuttering silence a stammering start Speak in your mother tongue he instructed us As children my classmates faced beatings Teachers enforced the Queens’ English The markings of literacy on the body I too bit my tongue my English ashamed I have spoken freely that I didn’t see to think about it The room began to fill A sentence in Ewe Twi Dagari Dagbani Even you he said Yes these roots to each other speak

N I N E
W I N N E B A

Did Awoonor tell you about Akpalu? Kwakuvi asked The first lines of “Songs of Sorrow” lean heavily on Akpalu’s he was a lonely man his wives were the stumps that “cut keen as knives” each having left him he had no children when he sang the dirge he wasn’t singing for one person he sang for all of humanity

Kwakuvi and I talked about stuff that blows your head off a flash a shiver an I am not this body feeling the feeling I had visiting the 5th grade classroom when a boy who looks always awake announced Of course aliens exist The girl who just moved from Peking and chose Galaxy for her English name said How do you know She touched his arm How do you know you're real The whole class looked at her as if she'd opened a door in the air

T E N

That's how it is I hear Awoonor say Death a juncture consciousness's crest a wake where table leaps to air molecule an inside once star particle a shifted gear you and I in the moon's wake underwater undone To his son I hear him say That I protect you is our birth order Awoonor whose poems returns us to ourselves In the coda he places his hand to his head in a gesture of forgiveness I asked for a sign that we are not alone nor ever can be Beneath my foot was a shell in its entirety When I breathed into it it made a fine sound

SUN IN AN EMPTY ROOM

James Ciano

Each storefront is vacant and illegible.
If I look too hard, the words are less

like words, and take on further
the shape of chalk erased from a board.

The second floor windows are five pairs
of eyes with yellow lids and beyond those

lids are rooms I can not know and do not want.
The red of the one continuous building is skin

on an apple. I picked a few in an orchard
with you that fall when your heart and blood

repelled each other like magnets. At this hour
the fire hydrant's shadow is larger than itself.

What does that say about the size of darkness?
The barber's pole spins nothing into nothing.

Keeps spinning. The bruises multiplied
on top of your skin, and then the pills spilled out

of our mailbox, and then the silence grew back
into my eyes and pooled like a shadow pools

onto a sidewalk. All of the awnings here
are unopened. The doors are knob-less,

blacker than beaks. If a hand reached out
it might hold a stillness in its palm

like the stick of a broom, which one might
use to sweep the non-visible, non-existent dirt,

or the real and buttered bagel I dropped
that morning after reading the note you left

pinned above the toaster. And your cough coming
first as a crackle of phlegm like the sound of water

catching the flame of a burner, then pouring out
in small and violent heaves, and after that nothing

was still again. Not even this street, where in one
of those second floor rooms I do not want to imagine,

a ray of light has fallen through the window,
and is holding up the dust, and is not letting go.

A FIERCE TINY THING

Rebecca Cook

It's okay to be confused.
Even God can't explain much.
Even God cannot fathom
the true nature of things.

For instance, no one can interpret the
language of mushrooms. It is ancient,
derivative of fern.

Here's another example—
the mysterious deceit
of winter, its wizened whisper wasping
across the woods.

Consider this—You can fill up
a glass with milk and there's still
plenty of room in the glass for popcorn.

All the people in the world will fit
into Lake Superior, but there's no one
to feed them all. Many problems are

like this. We don't know the answers.
Even the questions are unclear. In my
college algebra class, I asked my teacher

how a particular theorem is used.
She explained that some people must
oversee the decay of radioactive waste.

Many fascinating books have been written
about physical deformities. Some babies
are born without eyes. It seems clear

that if a child is born without a brain,
it should be planted in the garden. There
are many documented cases of scientists

who become attached to the laboratory
animals. This causes problems with the
scientific method. It is understandably difficult

to squirt acid into a monkey's eye, though
some people are not bothered by this.
Just think, Edward Jenner gave small pox to

a human boy. In the 40s and 50s,
we performed nuclear tests in the Bikini Atoll.
There were men and women there when

we did this. One of the men who
saw the explosions has a giant hand.
He says it makes it difficult to sleep at night.

When Madame Curie was in college, she was
very poor. In the winter, she piled tables and
chairs on top of the blankets to keep warm. It is very

ironic that she burned from the inside out.

Many playwrights have used irony to great effect,
but no one can adequately explain it.

God has performed many experiments
on the world. He wears a white coat and
a plastic name tag when he does this. He

has a particle accelerator. He has built
nuclear power plants all across the world,
but everyone he meets prefers a fire

that crackles and smells of smoke.
Often, God goes into the woods and gathers
mushrooms for soup. Everyone knows that

mushrooms make the very best soup. Everyone
knows that some things must live and some
things must die. We are not concerned about this.
We can always plant more things. We have

spliced the genes of a tomato with the genes
of a fish. This makes for a very hearty tomato.
It will last at least a week in the refrigerator. Of course,
it doesn't taste very good.

Someone decided a long time ago that the universe
is very large. But this is not true. The universe is a tiny thing,
a fierce little engine plowing through darkness.

Though it is very small, it hauls the sun over the hill every

morning. And though it is not very smart, it understands something we don't, something not even God

can teach us. It knows that fusion is better than fission. It understands the meaning of this metaphor.

It knows that we may never figure this out.

It knows it doesn't have to be this way.

But we do not.

DITCH METHOD

Patty Yumi Cottrell

Tomaz, my friend
that is not life
that is fog.

Blink and
it's gone.

October
ice locks
your fountain
shut.

Orchards
accumulate
and spill.

I put away
my horse
in a drawer
of dirt, cello-
black.

If your plots
are full, silence
keeps me company.

And that is my revenge.

DITCH METHOD

A lot of life
is lived over

and every fear
different

as ferns. Two
years after

my brother
died my

apricots turned
yesterday.

FIRST YEAR FRAGMENTS

Melissa Dickey

people say *blessed with a child*
and people say *devil baby*
they are not the same people

all corners are corners
clear the char of thought

occasional car a breeze

eyes a reminder of sockets

don't say dappled light

storm clouds cut off the sunset
oak blown back
battle of bird squawk and train whistle

mother of her son: *he loves trash cans*

a second story door to nowhere
the stoop gives way to crumble

finger nail scrapes dirt from the bottom of my big toe

he studies the clover
as if there's some clue

I think less: is she breathing?
I think less

make yourself a list of becoming

I licked your drool from my arm before I knew what I'd done

misread: I was a little less without him here

next door is a couple, child-free,
and they do come and go frequently

seeds dropping to cement shore
rain dripping on aluminum

a world free of freeing from (fleeing)

clean square of dirt amid stone

among all the gray
the girls wear their sequined jackets
to color guard practice

*she should experience all feelings,
all feelings are useful*

his nose like it grew a knob

the harder I listen, the harder to hear

she dreams about breastfeeding

river water sparks beyond trees

he sits on a downed pole next to tracks
as if waiting for a train

took you from a nurse's arms today
and when I pulled, she held you tighter,
as if you were hers

the grandmothers know when
to release the hand from the mitten the grandmothers

seagull cry like a baby's

blue Bic upside down in a puddle
plastic bead covered in muck

if you could choose what to remember what would you

a lone termite wing drifts to stadium seats

WHEN I APPEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME

Sarah Dravec

When I approach one of my friends I say
Look at this trembling thing
What are you and I going to do
I am collecting fingerprints
What I do is have my friends touch me
And I scrape with my teeth the touch place
I have a belly full of oils
Of all the stains of others
Do you know the waterfall is not cold just
Heavy heavy heavy
When I put each fingerprint into the water
The water tries to splinter to be shaped
More like me its anthropomorphic fingers
I am hurting to be more lovely and what I feel is
Loose pain
A far-reaching ache in a bad place
The first time under the waterfall
I thought how extraordinary and terrible I am
Not to have feathers
Do you want to feel something fascinating
I am here with my wing scars
What I imagine to be the pain of flight
Into a rush of water that wants all your feathers
For itself takes all your pressure and says I am worse
And I have been carrying this pressure
As hard as it is to be this solid this liquid

And coming from all around me are voices
All sharp and women's hands all soft
And suddenly I appear for the first time
With a woman's body a woman's voice
And what I have to say of my own trembling
Only once I was a bleeding bird
But I stayed that way for a long time

NEW HOLE (IV)

Carina Finn

The flavor changed
from despair to a subtle
ice, and the pale sky
underneath which I grew
not so carefully buxom
became the best friend
I'd yearned for
all the girl-years of my
life. The ring in the
nose of the bull I pet in
the pen beside the pony
I loved was also a love,
in addition to the green
summer sky. We
went to the jukebox
for a little death, chose
to worship pixies then I
noticed this one piece of
glitter, how she
sparkled, & the nose of
the bull was so soft.
When I pet her the
cosmos went into my
hands in the form of little
stars that flew from her
hooves like sparks.
When she spoke my
belief in magic grew

impossibly large
the daymoon above us
I felt so alien-at-home,
the crisp pink neon of her
lips darling as the sun
her cut-up hands
so beautiful how could I
love another? Trembling
in the eyes we break
apart this fish. Chop the
head and gut it. It takes
finesse. It took months.
My whisk arm grew
large & sore.

MINI-EUROPE

Patrick Gaughan

I will die small

A tourist in my own life

Face-planted in mini-river

I will die in 6 inches of chlorine

At the crest of a water slide spitting

Me into the words

Of a foreign anthem

In the bed of a mini-gondola

A middle-aged man serenading me in period dress

So beautifully I drift

Into words on a mini-grave

I will die a photograph

An immutable figurine

In this lousy t-shirt

I will die a t-shirt

Like so many t-shirts before me

In the shadow of mini-Mount Vesuvius

I will die small

To a laugh track

In this brand new flag

That's two sizes too big

Return me to the closest department store and bury me

Where the women's section meets the men's

I will dye a t-shirt

To look like the withering
surface of the Acropolis and fire

That t-shirt

From a t-shirt gun

So beautifully across mini-blue sky

Into mini-grandstands

Where a man spills

A foreign beer

Onto his neighboring nation

In order to catch the flying t-shirt and give it to a little boy

Who smiles like a mini-flag

And assures everyone “The Euro is strong”

Thanks to the tourists

Circling Mini-Big Ben

Ala National Lampoon's European Vacation

I will die in period dress

Tradition scrolling

So beautifully down my face

I will die a little boy

At the river's edge

Under a wave of pre-recorded laughter

Dying for a photograph

My arm around the sky

The mini-grandstands do The Wave

Every figurine smiles in matching anthems

Spilling foreign wars

Onto the backs of the rows in front

O

Gillian Olivia Blythe Hamel

I've missed this view. in the auditorium, missing my hair like a phantom limb. men compose themselves under lights. my heart on the wrong side. I start crying for the pacific without looking—the smallest hand shoved into a waterfall—which is not to drown. I force the manufacture of my borders. everything I tell myself I'm not to do. the longer I wait, the more I pretend to know this feeling. the more I remember to abhor 'this feeling.' morphemes pile up. I don't believe in irony as much as I don't believe in direct statements; telling myself to the page that yes, the public. to assume I am the public in this feeling.

O

bad night in the block. the red room we all go to die. I dreamed of taking back our land. whose land?—floats on water. faces leave as I put them down. death a yes/no in the street at 2am—take out the car, the smash and grab, take the life off steel—maybe just aluminum. all death falling on april, real and imagined. on the stairs she tells me about the cardinal cross and I dream of more stairs—probable. everything lost, everything restored: strike with fury.

HILLSIDE CONFERENCE

Avram Kline

A peach asks a man if it may drop.
Say you hear a hawfinch sing, replies the man.
Will you interfere by whistling?
Don't lecture me, says the peach.
I'm tired and so is this bough.
They hear enthusiasts forking fish

and someone tapping a mike
at the rostrum. A banquet beckons.
In this small grove, men like this
man come to think. I've a keynote

in my pocket, he says, patting
his breast. They await me.
Will you touch on death? asks the peach.
The man goes red. In my book,
he says, things live to be plucked.
I live with a tic in my Achilles.
Hang on, peach, you must. The sun

on the sea is greeting the break
of courtship. We are a mind, our world
is mad and ripe. Make a list, peach,
of timely considerations: how crossing

differs from circling when a brook
is most a brook, how pleasure
is fruit, and fruit, a delicate
ambush we choose. Now speak.

REDSHIFT

Jones lugs an old toy moon to a room.
Trees outside are centuries away.
He pulls toy bodies and waters where
men chart the vanishings.
We'll need a quad, he says, for Sunday.
If moons are plates, then plates with moss
are nations. Is symmetry an act?
Even eventualities have offices.
Take yesterday—I left my father
in the woods. When I retrieved
him, he was saying, Mark the lampposts,
they do not part. He was saying,
You there, in the black
black
sea!

MARS ONE

Amy Lawless

I am a chorus of one. I hear voices, and one is not totally sane. These bones are disintegrating inside of me. My bones are a ladder propping me up in three dimensions. (Props to my bones!) Ever look in the mirror and turn your face a little bit to the side and realize that you look way different in profile and worry about who you've been this whole time? And ever get weirded out that that babe who looks great in photographs looks really strange in real life. And if you do too? Weird like...*shit she is more beautiful in two dimensions!* Well worry no more. Five years ago, five years ago, five years ago I was really lonely one day and I started to have trouble differentiating. I'm having trouble adjusting to less gravity here. EEHHHHHHHH. My red blood cells are even more round than before. Did you think things could be more round than a circle? Well, frankly, heh heh, frankly...an event occurred which led to another event. Don't believe what you read on the internet about Mars. *I will find my own true love.* Earth, my friends, has an atmosphere. You know what I could go for right now? You know what I could really go for? Heh heh. Push through me with your magic gemstone. I've been in bed for a very long time. Come visit me. The space time continuum has been successfully bent so just fucking get over here. You think I don't know? You think I don't know that I'm a temporal object capable of being stretched so fully I lose my core essence? You think I can't make my own toast? Does humanity have to be just before its end? Project Pegasus. Just google it. I'm not going to say anything more. I've turned this cunt into a hotspot. I love my breasts. When you love me it feels like you're grabbing me and pulling me close in a hug which at first you resist. What the fuck do you think this is a lecture on sustainability on Mars? I've been on Mars a long fucking time. Like I said, Project Pegasus. The children. And then you cling to me and hold me close and then I move so I'm on top so the ground will hit you

first, we're falling. And I'll be saved but then will feel selfish and so then I'll move to the side so the left half of my body and the right half of your body will be crushed on impact which makes us both feel bad because *why both die?* But why both die is a good question which I'd love to answer like *what the fuck* but ugh so classic Romeo and Juliet bullshit. I just realized that our love is so overdone like that toast. I need a new toaster. But I'm being pulled at a quick pace down and down and I am on the bottom and will first die which makes *you* feel like shit so we stop time, real casually, and step away and tell anecdotal reports on a Friday afternoon which bored us both but kept us busy until finally we were ready to discuss the problem: we were facing a fear of intimacy of a sudden urge to be love and the death of a kind: the death of no impact.

MARCH HEIST

Ruth Lehrer

Winter time freezes spit on trees
and west river obituaries
snow crumble dustmud
on underside of leaves

What do you mean by that?
They ask me that a lot

You'd think I got paid in apples
like an orchard of teeth
but I have a defect of water
not blood
not metaphoric
but true as ice

Or maybe mud?
Send me a wind
through squirrel nests
words chewed beyond
what we would call words

Floating white is how I image it

I look for fast clear water
to let me draw a breath
but it runs into crystal
and carbon and walls that suck inward

Pretty perhaps but
almost as useful as
porcelain teeth for hunting
when you don't
go outside
for three months
and counting

THE COUNT OF AFTER

After she had her third child
she stopped putting cereal into bowls or milk
into glasses. The dogs started
visiting the neighbors at mealtime. The cats
laid dead moles on her pillow.

After her third child was dead
she started washing linens
in blueberry jam just to see
the pure turn to stain.
The neighbors turned sideways
like their eyes didn't see.

After the sun rose too many
times she wrote a shopping
list like a haiku.
Water chestnuts
drink in ghosts
all gone.

She bought cherry soda
and poured it over
the roses until earth bubbled
over and wild thyme hummed.

Harsh raspberries wound
wires like a noose
around hands.

OWN

Mark Levine

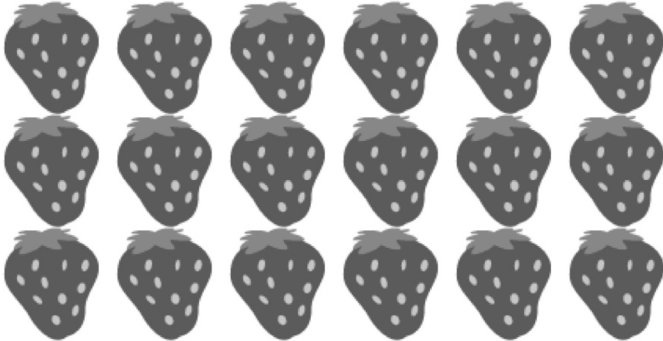
He who got here first
Owned the field, its wealth of
Embedded stones and unbowed trees
Its shallow brook drowned in tires
Its banks of shattered glass. He who owns
It shall take ownership of me.
I am native to the place,
I can't be towed off or otherwise
Put down without doing injury
To the place. I need care.
I need feeding.
I need to be dressed and can't be
Left out in my bindings. I need
To be settled in the tub
Cleaned down with a stony sponge
Then propped atop the thin pillow
Turned sidewise.
Milk needs to be
Spoonfed into me.
I need to be helped
To the toilet, eyes averted
So may I preserve my
Agony of dignity.
I need silence.
When I rattle within
Involuntary
Speech-surge I need to be
Comforted--though I refuse it--though

I need it. I need a
Sweet-smelling animal
Brought to me.
I need the floor to shine.
I need coin for the Coke machine
Music in the morning
(Scarlatti, Ravel)
And a poem at bedtime.
I need it. I came with the land
Its unforgiving unprofitable soil, its swale
Of self-reliant soul-regenerating
Freedom, its waste, its helplessness, and when
You expunge me from it I shall wander
Its valleys with you
For all time, as the law in me
Sets forth.

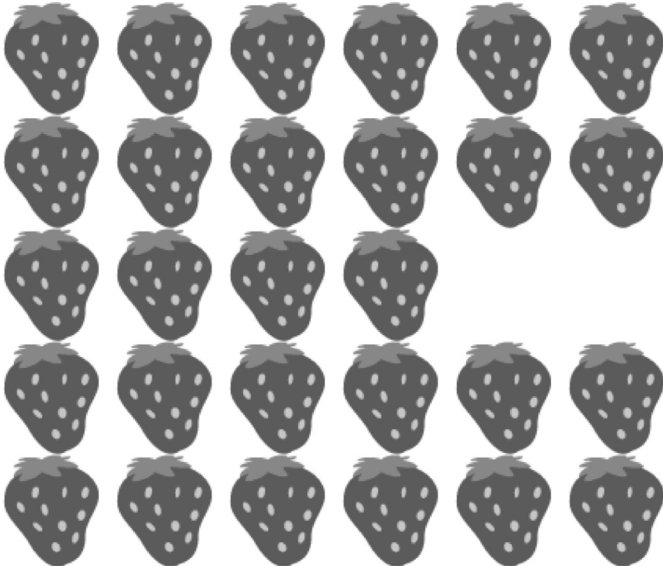
DEPARTURE

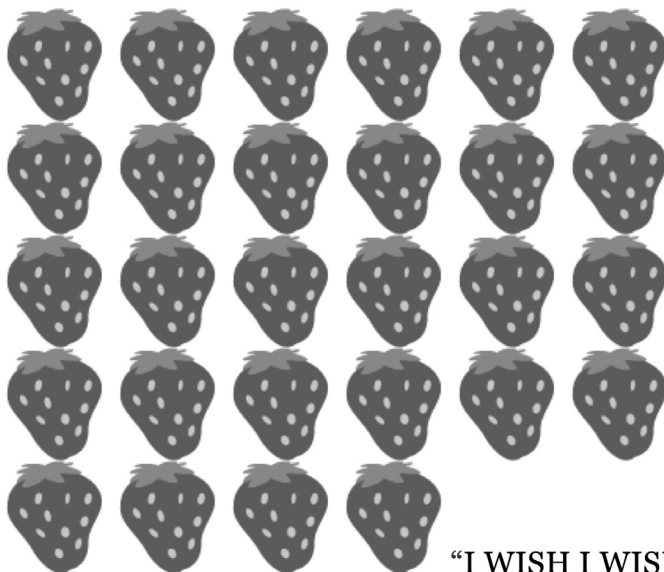
That was a departure for me
I should know, having once parted
flame from its dying coal
while crossing, barefoot, the furthest beach.
That wasn't who I would have taken to be me, but
I did it for no reason other than I loved
to endure, and loved things, like sand,
in the last light of their worn majesty.
I watched a winged thing take off
over the waters and fall into the circumference
completing it. Back then I wore a new dress
each of my outings, checks, ovals,
bloody florals on my wanderings in the garden
to bring fresh plantings back to you,
to bring stems to your side.
Where had you gone? You gave no address
but the one you spoke and I mistook
for a resting place in the long row
of identical one-season awnings.
That's how I take it we got into this hole,
coming together with parted lips
from which you put forth parting sounds.
"To hell with it," you said, because
it was true you said it, because
by then you had seen the fire for what it is.

The Book of Repulsive Women – Carrie Lorig



I AM JOHN BERRYMAN'S FEMINIST REVENGE





“I WISH I WISH
I WISH I WISH I WISH YOU / MY SIC CUNT /
MY SOUGHT EDGE / COULD HAVE A FIELD
OF / STRAWBURY”




```
*****What I always like
*****
*****
*****
*****
*****
about*****
```


[illegible]

I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day.

What do I have to repeat to prepare / a choice?

AM I POET RISING AM I SCHOLAR RISING AM I
AN EMPLOYABLE RISING AM I TEACHER RISING AM I JOHN BERRYMAN'S
FEMINIST REVENGE RISING AM I A DRUNK SIC CUNT TALKING / RISING TO
A STRAWBURY

/ they are a shieldfruit
/ they are an inversion excavating
/ they are a protrusion
/ they are a yung grl hustlin'

that alienates / further includes itself

scattered with / scoured with /

a flesh.

SHIELDHORROR IS ALWAYS IN SEASON:

I gave my paper strawbury to my friends and my friends wrote back and they said, but
why Berryman / ?? / they asked why Berryman was here / amongst all my buries. I
could answer / I couldn't answer / I re-read my answers / the font has darkened
amongst all my dream songs / amongst all my buries. *I repeat: I love him / until I fall
into a coma.* I like this line from amongst all my dream songs / from amongst all my
buries / because *I* darken the font.

Because I steal from the old drunk / Because I steal poetry back from the old drunk the
insipid men / the poets or professors who didn't get what they want / once / THEY ARE
THE DOUGH or doesn't that explain why they are such terrible soldiers for their own
jazz tapes / some kind of reverie they could feast on forever / made of BLKENED
CHICKEN / WITH PÁPRIKA / WIF FEEDING GIRLS / The red in the field destroys
The Garden Master in theirs don't you think They mix /

and I am the women who snows & snows / I am the women who loves & loves / I steal back while in an impossible state Everyday in Minnesota I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day I went to class & *I took up a pencil; / like this I'm longing with. One sign / would snow me back, back / Is there anyone in the audience who has lived in vain?* Is there anyone else who ever saw their dying purple intelligence in a room slaughtered to them?

I did / I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day Everyday in Minnesota When it became too gashed I stared / at Berryman / at the Buryman's bust / up on the shelf the bust / had a great stuffed a great DRUNK forehead I stare at / until I *fall into a coma* / until I am so far away from the instructive threatening That I touch my crisis gently curl up into it Thrash and feel I am the dead man, speaking / *The high ones die, die. They die. You look up and who's there?*

I roar silently I don't roar / silently The women who snows & snows The women who loves & loves They coat their skin in backslashes and coconut oil Looks are hard I'm not always convinced I have control over where they show up / the backslashes and I need it that way / it's how I think / I have found you There / because you're There I don't hate / the Buryman I read him I read him and feel magic and labor I feel The pyramid / the poem can be built without a king and the dust

/ the sex pimple he pulls for us to suffer in He apologizes off & on I read him *fighting for air, tearing his sorry clothes / with his visions dying O and O / I mourn / again this complex death* I steal from him M writes to me / says, Almost more than anybody writing you've figured out what it is to write yourself / *out of which what grows but an unshaven, disheveled corpse* / That is what I steal I think, reading M's letter / That is the power the Buryman and I share /

I steal poetry back from him and then forget the way you think I should live / Come with me / I steal it for us without wanting something I want her to love me / The women who snows & snows The women who loves & loves / I want to read with men bodies I want her to read with men bodies She destroys them don't you think They mix / I ask them to read with me / Reading is actually not very pleasurable or easy *The architecture is far from reassuring* You are almost sure It is

but It isn't It is / soft Flags loose / in the Rivers of Blood Everyday Every day *They are shooting me / full of sings* A reckless unbearable form of / care A fruit / A grain A grain A reckless unbearable form / *A dream* / A bury is a *panorama of a whole mental life* A reckless unbearable form Surfacing in the Rivers of Blood They are the line and the failure What the fuck is a prophecy It's the only thing about publication that interests me It's / An inversion excavated A defective sheen

That fact is a lie but so is every novel and THIS IS A NOVEL / A bust My inconsolable reading of the Buryman / My attempt to destroy him Thoughtfully via Seeds / The oldest nekkid in Existence Pleads there on the OUTSIDE What is feminist revenge But the only thing / about publication that interests me What is feminist revenge but the idea that a

text / Our Collective Beating / My paper strawbury / A prophecy A roadkill / A dream
song about a man that I gave / that darkened the font

I am a text

my heavy daughter

She contains more than I ever could imagine

/ This is a poem / *my heavy daughter* / in the
American Mainstream Tradition / This is a poem / *my heavy daughter* / The oldest
nekkid in Existence on the OUTSIDE

Pleads there.

ONE M²

Éireann Lorsung

microflora ————— blue bellflower small as a pinhead
 ————— spine of a horsetail straight through black plastic
 ————— cotyledon shape of the thing itself

where, invisibly, mites
cross it | bearing their names in all the languages
an *I* can speak them with

but soon no one will remain to do the human work of *caring about*
the *I* in biology's square meter

[illegible]

what exists *is* more than visible—
in *deeded to* [], what's *deeded*
(= how far down)

(water rights,
shale rights)

Futurity is impersonal
about Humanity
in particular

very simply:
as in: *you disappear*,

a blink later kudzu arrives

unadorned as our most designed houses wish they were

CERISERIE

(after Joshua Clover)

Cyclamen blooming in pots

no one can figure out what you mean
by *ceriserie*

You say *music*

gold

boys

false

art

removal

museum

possession

train

city

gold

gold

*

I think it is a cherry orchard under glass
a gilding of pink edges the way Paris appears
to me to be a space slightly tinged
with gold and pink

What we mean by gold and pink to be determined

The word *cerise*, a jar of ink that dries with a film of gilt nacre

*

Marais: quill pen, an etching for each month
a cahier covered in fish
a reflection of white shutters

I have cut the shape of a tree in an inch of paper
a red banner

Listen, for a long time I was certain there wouldn't
be anymore colorful paper

A white paperdoll against an uncontrollable black scrim

*

We sat on chairs and thought of ways to spirit them home

In gardens all over the city I drew copies of plants
I bided

Trains were moving in and out of stations
some in midair

Even in a daze

Small collection of Japanese ceramics
[blue/white, red/white, red/]
in a vitrine

*

The train station's a museum, opera in the place of a prison
And you thought the mouth of the state
wouldn't find new ways to speak

In the 14th we passed schools on the site of torture halls

*

I say the night sky did this to us

Lights everywhere, gold everywhere
the feeling of belonging

or being owned

a forgery | a falsehood

You said, *possession*

We entered the photobooth together
the city

and everything—

boys, radio, darkness
rubbed to tarnish
lead, zinc

a luminescence

*

It is 14h10.

I see sparks, flares in my peripheral vision.

*

We are walking up and up,
we are never getting tired,
we can see in every direction

the rose-tinged air
the ironworks

surrounded by traffic by the imagination
of a world by cheap postcards by
cobbled
by trains under above & around

florists' displays accidents
caught on film erasable

bodies lamé costumes holding buckets
for spare change

invisible emigrations
nuns

by red umbrellas
a century of boulevards

by vertigo

by gold

PERSEPHONE TO THE AUTHORS

Dave Lucas

You speak of me as if you understood.
You tell it as if it were yours to tell,
a sad story about summer and winter.
There has always been winter,
and the desperate grief of mothers.
The story I would tell is more than
something taken and taken back.
I want to hear you speak of the world
beneath the world, but you have never
tasted seeds as I have tasted. I want
to hear you sing the grim weathers
of the house of death, but you know
only a meadow sweet with flowers.

DARK NIGHT

*slipped from the me and not-me
and ties of earth untwined
among the lilies falling and out of mind.*

— SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

Down the street from the priory, the lovers have begun to touch even before their quarrel has ended. Their thorned words still throb, and they do not know if what they feel is crave or rage. If you asked if one wanted to kiss or kill the other, neither could quite say. They have lost the sense of *or*. Now they have shed everything and are all vowels in their fucking and laughing. After, they share bread and sausages, despite the hour, picking them apart with their fingers, smiling though they say little, though their own thoughts are elsewhere.

HORIZON

Randall Mann

Joyless,
devotedly boyless.
Everything,

the way
nothing is.
The point is this:

make
me less
than the lake

in the sheets.
The horizon
just above sex:

my thoughts
and prayers—
spots

and short hairs.
My itch;
my side-stitch.

Every day
can't
be lament.

An excuse
to lose
my shirt

for charity.
I feel,
if not real,

neon-real.
Sterile as hurt,
or parity.

PERSPECTIVE

Associations
are seductive and global.

Such gestures
seem almost primal,

though it's nothing of the sort.
One can waste

an hour one-upping
anonymous

in a text,
the right equivocation

and torso pic.
I lost 2010

trying to rhyme *sext*
with *sucked*, or *sacked*,

or, that's it, *sect*:
it's San Francisco,

for the love of Pete.
The meat

lolls on its silver plate.
On Market Street,

a pool of vomit,
a pigeon's meal.

I would eat,
but who eats.

My friend on meth
strapped his infant

to her car seat
one night all night

in the Tenderloin. All
we want

to feel is a full
roll of quarters,

not to feel.
We are art-house stars

in every back-room
and alley and stairs...

I have options:
undercut what I say

as soon as I say it,
or look you dead

in the face,
a parody of sincerity.

In the front room,
you should be fixing us

a drink, innocuous,
or spreading paste—

perspective—
while in the bedroom, listen,

things only a come-down twink
might dare condone

are proposed to my outcall.
I do. I believe we're done.

INVENTORY OF A SORCERER

John Maradik

his pipe
his knife
his leather pouch
his four gasoline lanterns
his thick mat that faces Southeast
his wooden needle
his one handful of seeds
his exceptional clarity of hearing
his hard shriveled body
his weird persistence
his little mud woman
the converging lines on his palm
the haywire crow on his roof
the terrifying privacy of his patio
the peeled rubber in his sink
the extremely loud and horrifying shrieks he makes
his clapping hands
his seven sun spirits
his giant hump of soil
the time he became very stiff
and stayed that way for a week
his flesh chant
his silent birdcall
the harmful energy stored in his rattle
the scraping
the shaking
the vibrating when he burns his eggs
when he pulls smoke from his navel

when he purifies himself in the yard
when his pen leaks
when his feather bleeds
when his candles moan
when his leg jams
when he whiffs his crystal talon
when he puts the red blanket on me
and tells me what will happen

from TO BE NEW FOR THE EMPIRE

Sara Renee Marshall

Seeing so many gains at risk—figures dipping
a touch below the forecast, and meanwhile a fleet
of invisible numbers are lives—we call ourselves
a bright spot in recovery, a white throb foaming up
in an otherwise dark sphere. How, with the proud
whipping rein of market, do we understand labor
to sway prospects, wages, wooden in uniform sleeves
growth built in and expected? On the south side
of a city, the thousands of eyes watch southward
for the sun, and by this inexact method, track
progress of earth, earth's possible children, and time

Amid a story of numbers, like 90 billion
missed opportunities, we encourage work
in all its masks: prime age, slave, and aging
fertile, institutional, migrating, and seasoned
Alice and Dorothy, whim and illusion, full-on
dream spiral, thick with tossed-up currency
Provocations begin, *How dangerous are...*
and that's the razed ground, that's seeing
morning, uncouth scavengers' ears darting up
mouths bloodied, moving stealthily through
dawn's scuttling wheat. A factory could be
any event in which fear bubbles over from
volume—aiming, desperate as life, for plenty

Nostalgia may act as a resource—
smuggling into presence a wager
against threat of death—a meaning
a contraband to hold. Some parallel
life cools the heat of speeding future's
narrative burn-off. The light is spectral—
flouncing shadow of a promising car passing
still igniting a once. *I once stayed up*
all night with you. In the creek
in expectancy, in the summer of youth—a lonely
name we give to waiting for improvement

Find the hinge; go somewhere else in the word
by the estrangement of orange, by unbroken grass
as if the shoreline's rhetoric rewinds to beginning
by hot light seizing a throat through glass—sight
gained on then overtaken—lady in chaos, no lady
in black asters, by holy singing burning across the chest
flushed by white gashes in the avenue's pavement
traveling in color closer to the wound of birth
We have all taken a trip somewhere blinding
and abandoned the clean photograph of home

PLACEHOLDER

Joseph Massey

Now that the animal
trapped in the rafters

is silent, the cold alone

is a sound.
February's glare

bent by Victorian glass

casts the outline
of a spike of ice

spread from floor to ceiling—

the only thing
holding the house up.

GOD PATROL

Andrew McAlpine

We're on god patrol.
Cutting through the underbrush
with a gleam of a thought.
If our mouths are full of rifles
it's only because we are defending
our rifles. The patrol stops
to examine a snapped twig.
Smells unmistakably like god.
My last letter asked after
the parakeet, if she still remembers
the swears we taught her.
We blaspheme to protect
our location. Never a blip
on god's radar. When we find him
there are protocols to be observed.
A collection of insurance documents
is the whole of our files. An act
of god implies forethought. We never
think so as to distinguish us from him.
When we find him there are rules
for engaging. My first letter detailed
the shape & sound of our quarry.
There was a mission, once. If we see
him we are to look for hands to shake.
We will spread our weapons on
the jungle floor. Do you know
what these are? we are to say.
We brought a net for the second

mission. There are important details to observe. We will note any sounds he makes. We will record them & teach the parakeet a new sound. We will instruct the bird to speak in god's voice. That will help us remember, we are quite sure.

CLIMB ON TOP OF IT

Chessy Normile

I feel tiny like a crab apple.
It makes me want to offer myself
to someone from the city
and surprise them by being hard and sour.

When I was a girl there was this one nightmare
so loud that it'd continue to sound itself
in the room after I'd opened my eyes.

I am the only cop in this bar.
Miranda knows, but no one else.

Later, I'll let you pick me up like a boomerang. Literally
I will bend at the waist, you can use only one hand.
You will throw me away from you and think you get the game,
but I will straighten out mid-flight and keep going, joke's on you,
asshole.

It is always good to lie here
and tell the truth to a girl.

I isolate myself
because I guess I have to
and I love it, but it hurts me
because I guess it has to.

When I get to the top of this house
I am going to be so proud of myself.

I am not even wearing the special belt
that makes this climb a game.
Free-balling, scaling, so proud,
because there is no one else here
and usually I am just cool for an audience.

I understand nothing.
I mean it. I have had enough.
Somebody call me a cab.
George, fetch the parcels.
Kurt, the magazines.
We're leaving.

MY LIFE SO FAR

At work I can be this amazing combination
of super hydrated and super bored.
I enjoy talking to the man beyond the wall.
His pants are like one bad triangle.
At home, he can see the statue of liberty
just by sitting on his stoop. I live by the water, too,
in my own way, meaning by its code.

When I was fifteen I was new
at my high school and a girl named Don
gave an impromptu presentation on water.

No one asked her to and she made the poster
in under ten minutes. *We do not pay enough attention
to this element*, she said to the room. I thought she was crazy,
but I listened. Now, I heard, she does a pretty good deal of ecstasy
and hula-hoops in small but elaborate outfits on the west coast.

I asked my co-worker if he felt that he had gotten to know the statue of
liberty,
watching her from his home like that. I said, *have you noticed that she's
walking?*
and regretted it immediately. Why am I always challenging people?
In the article I'd been reading at my desk the author asked, out of
nowhere,
is this the hill you want to die on? and I didn't know. I don't know what
this hill is.

Last March I got beat up at night and it wasn't anything like I'd always pictured it in my head.
I just crumpled to the ground and blurred as his boot swung in and out of my face.

All my life I had trusted in this buried power
that would reveal itself when the time came.

I used to keep my backpack on
at the parties my brother would take me to
in various basements around Pelham, New York.
My mother called it *skating around the edges*.

I think I grew up this year. Does saying that negate it?

Do you have to let go of everything to grow up?
How about just most of it?

A group of boys gathered around me in the woods.
Let me light that for you.
It seemed normal at first, and then the questions.
Is that too big? Does it hurt?
I didn't understand why
they were talking about my cigarette like that
until I looked up at the boy who'd fucked me
while I cried the night before and saw him laughing.

His friends had formed a circle around me. They were quoting me.
It hurts, I had said to him. And the next day, they all said it back.
My greatest fantasy has been the same thing for seven years.

If I could have any one thing
it would be the chance to go back
just this once to kill them.

This is not the hill I want to die on, but I am willing to.

When I realized the statue of liberty was walking my whole life literally came into focus. Do you know what that feels like? When your face opens up on the sidewalk and you realize that you might die, but still you are not powerless? For instance, maybe in the spot you die a poisonous mushroom could grow and the man who killed you could eat that mushroom. Never mind. What matters is that I am will be ready next time. I am not skating around the edges anymore, et cetera.

I thought this poem might be funny. I forgot what My Life So Far has been.

But it has been funny. And if it wasn't midnight I would tell you in what ways.

YOU MAY WANT TO CALL AHEAD TO THE NEAREST EMERGENCY ROOM

Krysia Orlowski

Ophthalmologists are standing by
You did not intend to lose body parts
You have not thought what to do but you should
Rinse the severed finger or part thereof
Keep toes cold but not icy
Do not swallow the tooth
Suck the dirt off until pearly white
Put the tooth back in its socket
Do not put it in backwards
Do not push the eyeball back in its socket
When your eyelid falls behind your eyeball
This happens when poked
When it happens to you
Do not remove the pencil from your neck
Do not remove the lance from your skull
Do not remove the stinger from your carotid artery
You will bleed you will hemorrhage
Do not remove the heart
When it pushes forward of its socket
Desire to be free happens when poked
Do not put the heart on ice
Freezer burn makes it difficult to reattach
Put the heart back in its socket
Do not put it in backwards

Bite down this should feel normal
If not tuck the heart in your cheek
Do not swallow the heart
The longer you keep the heart out
The less successful the implantation
An hour is all the time you have
An hour is all the time you had

LUNAR NEW YEAR IN ORLANDO, FL

(JANUARY 29, 2012)

Hai-Dang Phan

Cumulonimbus big as battleships
pour rain and hail on the fleet
of Hondas and Toyotas parked pell-mell
at the Central Florida Fairgrounds.

It's the Year of the Dragon.
Look who showed up again to the celebration,
it's your past, all decked in festive militaria.
Next to a piece of heavy artillery,
the peach blossom puts out little red envelopes,
filled with lucky money we hope.
A young family in matching camo tees
says *cheese* to the iPhone aimed at them.

Before long, you are pulled away
by short round men in full dress whites,
their pants taken out by their tailors,
as their wives take mom hostage.
Defeated on the drive over, I was already
looking forward to it all being over.

The sky's ceasefire sends me outside
to the damp pitch where I kill time
chatting with the freckled teenaged merchant
who sells expired candy and tasteful weaponry.
Small arms fire breaks out nearby:

a squad of boys runs brandishing new
plastic automatics—his toy guns are a hit.
They sing oddly like the birdsong
I woke to this morning.

Soon after I spot you by the Swift Boat,
a PCF-171 propped up on stilts,
stranded on the grass like a desolate shipwreck,
the first one you've seen since the war,
when you patrolled arterial waterways
of the Mekong Delta, slicing through
the dream work of emerald jungles,
into nightmares in broad daylight, past floating
villages you'll never see again...
You pat its side like an aluminum horse,
its gunmetal skin reflecting nothing,
and look at me with an expression
that could have been a smile.

Skippping Miss Vietnam of Florida,
we rescue mom, retreat in the rental car,
and spend the rest of the day peacefully
on your old Navy friend's patio,
picking through the rubbishy aftermath,
watching for the real gator
in his fake pond.

GROUNDSWELL

Jacques J. Rancourt

It recedes to a pinpoint.
A starprick. A stormfront

moving out to sea. So distant
to alarm. So often I am told

it is over. In 1987
AZT was released,

I was born. Watchtower
standing over the ocean,

what omens are left
to see? I wake from dreaming

of a man I didn't know.
And how he died.

How that watchtower
blazed through to morning.

ABRAHAM PLEADING (1989)

City I came to for refuge
City built on a fault If a plate
slides under it will you have

had enough If you break
the bridge in half If you allow
Coit tower to fall that citadel

where I kissed
the watchman the cable cars
knocked from their cables

Can the pitchers
at the World Series in one
version of the universe

forever wind up Can that bridge
be always collapsing
and those in the aids ward

who will die can they
not die If you could would you
spare the ghosts if you took the city

OMENS, SIGNS

Karen Rigby

In the parable of the wolf,
the one you feed
is the one that grows.

So the wicked wolf
fattens on deer meat,
and the silver one

starves for love.
Or the first wolf
swallows stone,

while the other
tracks your scent
down an iced road.

Whichever wolf
you choose, the hole
of an animal's

mouth terrifies.
The undercoat
tinged in black

smells of new blood.
Vicious or noble:
what you think you see,

what you know.
The beast sings
river to bones.

I TOUCH ROUGH CANVAS ON THE DECK CHAIR

Tomaž Šalamun

Would you stop the shovel as
it's loading? From

the bushes a poster
jumped and twirled

white iron. I pressed
its teeth with

jewels. The horse has
my breast,

I have the breast
of horses. Would

you stop the shovel as
it's loading?

I touch rough canvas on
the deck chair.

TIPAM GROBO PLATNO NA LEŽALNEM STOLU

Bi ustavil lopato, ko
nalaga? Iz

grmovja je skočil
plakat in vrtel

belo železo. Z dragulji
sem mu sprešal

zobe. Konj ima
moja prsa,

jaz imam prsa
konj. Bi

ustavil lopato, ko
nalaga?

Tipam grobo platno na
ležalnem stolu.

TIGRIS FIORETO

After I had more times wrung-myself-loose-through-the-wringer,
a doe attacked me. She rolled white

timbers with ψ echo. Shakti, I said,
Shakti, are you bruised? The drawer

cut your little apron, closing
awkwardly. I wormed in under the

vine. Exactly that vine in Brda where I
lost my virginity. I there,

she on Pohorje. In Brda I was
weak. Next time better and true.

O, warming of stones! O girls girls
big clumsy girls. No, not from Koper, but the ones

of Petrarch from Spain. Whether yes. Whether
yonder. Whether there. On the head with a milk can.

TIGRIS, ČISTINA

Ko sem se še večkrat izvitoperačil,
me je napadla srna. Valila je bele

grede s ψ odmevom. Šakti, sem rekel,
Šakti, a si podpluta? Predal ti

je razrezal predpasniček, nerodno
zapiranje. Učrvičil sem se pod

trto. Tisto trto v Brdih, kjer sem
izgubil nedolžnost. Jaz tam,

ona na Pohorju. V Brdih sem bil
švoh. Drugič boljši in pravi.

O, otoplitev kamnov! O donde donde
donde. Pa ne Koprčanke, ampak

tiste od Petrarche iz Španije. Najsi bo. Najsi
tja. Najsi tam. Na glavi s kanto mleka.

WHIRL

The word NORMAL imprints itself
inside the crypt and frightens

Glagolitic priests. I open the wall.
I sit on

the grass. I lean against
the wall. White lumps of lye,

what do you want? My eyes are
safe. The wall is a

mogul's wall. No connection between a dolphin
in the air and a dolphin in

water. Those three drops are betrayal.
The moon *is not* a round pontoon,

it's not. It's not a piece of mantra in a little notebook.
I'm leaning on honey.

VRTINEC

Beseda NORMALEN se odtisne
v krypto in prestraši

glagoljaše. Odprem zid.
Usedem se na

travo. Naslonim se na
zid. Bele kepe luga,

kaj hočete? Oči imam
varne. Zid je zid

mogula. Ni zveze med delfinom
v zraku in delfinom v

vodi. Tiste tri kaplje so izdaja.
Ni luna okrogel ponton,

ni. Ni kos mantre v zvežčku.
Naslonjen sem na med.

HYDROGEN, LIST OF BIRDS IN THE ASTRAKHAN PROVINCE

With lament, in a closed arrow. Virtue with
capillaries, I'll wall you in into the house.

Through lungs. Through numbers, through senses.
We're harrowed up. The soil is still folded.

The clump clears it. The clump bounces and wraps it.
It is height. It is carpet. Honors stars and pashas.

Cardigans come out alone, without little feet.
What is lined with soft boards.

The wheelbarrow (a brush) falls over.
To look left, to look right,

to look into the sun and to the west. There
horses are run wild and horses are turned.

They are laid into the bolt. Dawn drips.
Yes, to lay horses softly into the bolt.

VODIK, SPISEK PTIC V ASTRAHANSKI GUBERNIJI

S tarnanjem, v zaprti puščici. Krepost s
kapilarami, zazidal te bom v hišo.

Skozi pljuča, skozi števila, skozi čutila.
Zbranani smo. Zemlja je še prepognjena.

Kepa jo bistri. Kepa jo odbija in zavija.
Je kota. Je preproga. Časti zvezde in paše.

Jopice pridejo ven same, brez nožic.
Kaj je podložen z mehкими deskami.

Wheelbarrow (čopič) se prevrne.
Pogledati levo, pogledati desno,

pogledati v sonce in na zapad. Tam
se konje divjá in se konje obrne.

Položí se jih v streló. Zarja kapljà.
Da. Mehko položiti konje v streló.

*Translated from Slovenian by Jeffrey Young and Katarina Vladimirov
Young, with the author.*

ON MAGIC

Natalie Shapero

I have feared God and the push

to explain, by reference to almanacs,
grand moves of the Bible. How recession
of tides and the easterly winds

of the Suez might have conspired
to draw the two halves of the Red Sea, yes,

apart. How the finding of sulfur on stone

in multiple modern excavations
gestures to nothing so much as the torching

of Sodom. I have believed, I have not
believed, I have feared God

would turn out to be like Houdini:
rumored withstanding of any assault, but
in fact it takes only a few well-delivered

blows and a week and He's gone.

THE SKY

Whatever I care for, someone else loves it
more, deserves it more: the doe with her
whole mouth crushing the phlox or the seer
who adores my future, whereas I could

take it or leave it. I know I'll disappear.
It won't be glamorous. It won't be like when
the Mona Lisa was stolen and the tourists all
lined up to pay their respects at the empty
spot on the wall of the Louvre.

I've never actually even seen the sky.
I've only ever seen effluents, seen wattage.

The only night I remember is the dinner
of neighbors at which a man I never
had met before said *I don't fear dying—*

look at the past, people have been dying forever, and—

then he stopped and shook his head—
*I drank too much. I was almost saying
that people have died forever and all
of them survived, but of course—* he made
a hard laugh— *God, of course they didn't survive.*

BASEMENT DELIVERY

Emily Skillings

Having lived so long without one, we forgot
what a basement felt like—how it seemed
to the carrier(s), to the inhabitant(s),
the structure(s), that there was an *underneathness*
to all that daily interaction and exchange—
i.e. an empty teacup hovering just above a pool.

On the day the basement was delivered
pink air made its way underneath the canopy.
Ten strong women arrived to pump it through the ground,
evicting domestic earthworms, telepathic moss
and scarce minerals. An important rivulet was rerouted.
The sub-story attached and crystallized like in that dream.

The whole procedure only took a few minutes.
In the presence of a basement, our history was whisked,
indexed into a ladder, roped down—our kidneys and lungs
wrung out. We stood around slowly. We were cooled
and stored. In the parlor, at first blush of waking,
our usual words and arrangements seemed normal enough,

but then that lower sound, that kept air, funneled up to us.
A collection freed itself. It was *again* again. Leave no stone already.

BIRTH OF A CLINCHED FIST

Enzo Silon Surin

Born in epidemic—circa 1986 Jamaica,
Queens—when tiny white caps filled—
modern-day cotton—moored most under

a parking lot's dim cone of light—when
paraded in chambers of those born to triggers
was that sin which weaned father

from son; tricked out the best in us—
a resilient few kept from boxes,
though what was left was worsted in haze

on those horrid nights—when what was
promissory was plight was norm,
and what was dealt—mnemonic so strong

I kept it in my mind like one rehearsing
lines in an orograph for pain—
a pain, like bait, that turned gain

into the cleanest demise—when I stood
to cleave it, the fight empty as cavity,
the strife—marked by omission. Everything

I saw was enemy—even this face, fair game.

LEGEND OF A FULL FIST

The memory of my first fight
is unreliable like a first kiss
or first fist full of marbles
in a Petion-ville courtyard.

Where other tales embellish
mine is feeblish—filled with
phantom swings and cheers
—no bruised knuckles or ego

to speak of. A first kiss begins
and ends with a lie about not
the falling in but the fallout—
it's not gracious or eloquent

when it flees—no matter the grip.
Even in the courtyard it flees:
a stock of marbles in a pair of
sweaty palms is not to be trusted.

Before the lag or knuckle down
there is no way of looking past
the look in another set of eyes
when they've got nothing to lose.

But you learn. Sometimes, you do
just about anything to avoid the fight
but not when it finds you in a pair
of gym shorts and Jeff is bumbling

something about your mother.
I swung but can't remember if
I landed any punches or if the pavement simply clipped his clumsy feet.

So I tell it like a tale about a first
kiss—with no trace of a bruised
ego or fright— or like the story
of routing a rival playing marbles

omitting the fact he was the nephew
of a *Tonton Macoute*. No matter
the courtyard, stories about full fists
are always more legendary than true.

QUIZ SHOW

Ryan Teitman

The boy is on a quiz show. He is the only contestant left, flanked by empty podiums. He has been asked many questions so far, questions on history, literature, and physics, questions which he has answered correctly and politely. But the boy is nervous. The studio is cold and dry, and his tongue feels sandpapery against his teeth. He holds onto the sides of his podium as if they were the reins of a troublesome horse. He wants to ask for a glass of water but doesn't know if he's allowed. The host, an affable man in a tweed jacket, asks him if he's ready for the final question, and he says yes, because he knows that's what the host wants him to say. The host asks the question, a question on geography, a question the boy knows the answer to. If he says the answer, he will win the prize money, an amount of money he doesn't really understand.

He understands small sums of money. He knows a dollar will buy him a comic book or a dollar will buy him two candy bars. Twenty will buy him a cap at the baseball game. But this much money, he doesn't understand. He's had a folded twenty in his pocket once or twice, and each time he felt vulnerable. He needed to protect the money; he knew he could not lose it or let someone take it from him. If an older boy stopped him, he wasn't strong enough to fight. The money made him feel weak. This much money, he reasoned, would make him feel weaker. He would have to devote his life to guarding it, caring for it, and knew he could not do that. There were too many creeks to explore in the woods behind his father's house, too many oddly shaped bugs to watch.

So when the host presses him for an answer, he says *the Danube* instead of *the Rhine*. The host lets his shoulders fall and acts as if he's disappointed. He says that the boy should be proud of how far he's come. He gives the

boy a copy of the home game along with a bus ticket home. The boy keeps his prize in the bottom of the closet. Some nights his father challenges him to a game. The boy always wins.

RED MOON IN A BLACK MIRROR

Dara Wier

when you don't know your father
the trouble

is it means nothing
and it becomes your everlasting duty

to fill in the blanks
for him

forever, when
absence originates in oblivion

its consequences have
no bounds, no points of departure

no horizons or arrivals, it is
an endless longing

with no conclusion and
one is obligated

to make up everything
which guarantees one's imagination

will be
the most powerful piece of mind

one has to go on
if that turns out

to be the way you choose
to live your life

MY OCULAR MIGRAINE

Maybe it's from being sick
from having too much déjà vu

and that is a cause, a lost cause,
a cause not to celebrate

but to add one more car on the fright train
I can see coming and going

Which it is I can't be sure
and déjà vu doesn't make me sick

it makes me look
over the horizon

where I know you are, my friend,
my love, maybe my lost love,

by now, maybe you're no longer
who you ever once were as if

anyone is ever any longer or more
or less him or her self,

I see you as I saw you
the first time I knew you

because as we've noticed many times before
I've relentlessly and foolishly always

remembered the first time something or someone appears
to shake me the way an anxious doctor shakes a newborn baby,

you'd be impressed how spectacularly I can weep
over you, not cry, mind you, crying's for babies,

weeping's for widows and everyone else,
or maybe it's from how, and I don't know how,

perspective has shifted without my permission, it has,
it has taken on new angles of exploration,

it has magnified everything, the distance between me
and the window I typically stare through

has grown as far as the distance between towns in Wyoming
or maybe the distance between what had been taken for granted

and the missing water that is always about to disappear
from that famous well.

HALLUCINATION

Lynn Xu

Light flashed like a dolphin

Half-seen in water

Glittering green jungle

Broad blades we assume

Behind darkness

Toss onto the waves

Assorted jams and marmalade

Soft breads

Rippling outward from the trance

Salted joints of meat

Sundries

The heat returns

Smoke from a cigarette

With a flick of the wrist

Tossed overboard

HALLUCINATION

In the cottony gurgle of the breeze
A metallic *ping* like a Pepsi can
Thundered slowly behind the clouds
Uniform and high grass
Catching some resisting heel
Or camera-work crouched there
Breath and moonlight blue
Battery mist below
Us banana trees fading
Into dark green swirls blond
Dust dull
Quartering of propellers quarrying
A last reticle amid the holographic
Fronds scanning
For sparks in the reliquary

HALLUCINATION

Secretions of the maggot

Shift and shimmer

In the distance

Trees sway

Like luggage leaning

Into the platform

AN INTERVIEW WITH LYNN XU

Lynn Xu is fall 2015 visiting poet in the University of Massachusetts Amherst's MFA for *Poets and Writers*. Xu's publications include the full length book from Omnidawn *Debts & Lessons* (2013) and a chapbook, *June* (2006). She is an editor for Canarium Books and usually lives in Marfa, Texas, with her husband, the poet Joshua Edwards. In 2008 Ben Lerner introduced Xu's work in a *Boston Review* Poet's Sampler. She is a graduate of Brown University and the University of California, Berkeley. This brief interview was conducted by e-mail in the spring and summer of 2015.

DARA WIER: Sometimes the space that's called a poem provides something for words no other space provides. Sometimes what happens in that space can be unlike what happens anywhere else there is.

Other times we might say it is that space itself as a historically or time-inflected defined place that lends (gives?) meaning to what we humans put inside it.

I'm sure these things are operating simultaneously no matter what I say about them, but, I wonder if it's possible for you to respond to those ideas or to say something else altogether about what draws you to poetry as a writer or as a reader?

LYNN XU: I don't believe that the poem is a space, in the sense that there are things interior or exterior to it. More and more, I think of the poem as a practice, not just of reading or of writing, but of life. The poem is difficult, because you must find a way to live. How you live, I think, that is the poem.

I can understand that, how a poet's experience of a poem will be more than any evidence left on a page or otherwise visual evidence of the practice and living without which the poem likely possibly might not exist.

I can appreciate the living it takes to make poetry happen. I can appreciate an idea unwilling to pry poetry apart from any lived life.

What about the visual evidence readers / sometimes strangers meet up with when poets send pages or books or digital visualizations out into the world?

Sometimes I've wondered why we feel so invested in publishing (by which I mean "making available") the evidence of the process you're getting at when you talk about practice.

Why do poets want to publish? What part of the process or practice is publishing?

Publishing = the public life of visual marks?

I don't know. I can't speak for everyone, but I think a lot of us publish because we want to be a part of the history of reading, which is often a deeply private thing. For example, I don't think I was quite prepared for my poems to have this public life.

The haptic sensorium surrounding the book is a strange, special thing. The book is at once made (the publishing model being one example, which includes the writer) and not made (it seems, so much of its life comes from the spontaneity of discovery, which is streamlined with one's life, where you happen to be, what you are doing, thinking, feeling, etc.) . . . As a child, it never occurred to me that books were made. They simply existed. And they belonged to everyone, no one. Their peculiar magic was that they seemed to exist at all times.

To publish, maybe, is to borrow from this spontaneity of being.

Are there any actions or pre-actions you find, whether for yourself or anyone else you may have heard of, that suggest fascinating aftermaths of significance for the generation or initiation, composition, or development of forms of word-centered work?

I am fascinated by ritual and daily practice, but in my life, repetition leads to nothing. In April, I went to see the On Kawara show at the Guggenheim. I am a huge fan of his work. Winding up the spiral innards of the museum, past the radical solemnity of the date paintings, in varying shades of black, blue, blue-black, with the exception of an early triptych, which is violet, or, maybe we call it maroon . . . Anyway, you go past those, and the postcards (*I Got Up*), the telegrams (*I Am Still Alive*) . . . and toward the end, you get to the archives of daily transcription, laid out in three sets, twelve volumes each, spanning twelve years of Kawara's life.

Everyday during those years Kawara recorded the names of people he met (I MET), made maps of the places he went (I WENT) and news clippings from the day's events (I READ). So all you see are names, small tracings on field maps in delicate red ink, and the steady scissoring into paper, over and over, again and again, this unbearable signature of time. Like Beckett, it is a theater with no outside. The impertinence of our contract, I thought, is that death does not transform you.

And yet, it occurs to me, here I am waiting to be transformed. I am waiting for death to send its nightingale.

A change to beat all changes!

What role does change have in your writing or reading? What about chance?

This is intimately tied to my previous answer, because it is about transformation. And because writing (and reading, although for different

reasons) is incredibly difficult for me. In order to write, I need to destroy myself with extreme lucidity.

When you say “destroy,” do you also mean “forget”? Or does “forget” omit vast aspects of what you mean when you say “destroy” in this context? I’d like it if you were to say more about this as it seems it might be approaching the idea of process you mentioned earlier.

If not, I’ll accept that I think I understand “destroy” in this context. But if you will continue...

It must be forgetting. But the problem with forgetting is it’s not something you can control, I mean, the mind doesn’t work like that, and there’s resistance in both directions. I am trying to overcome my own writing, with increasing restlessness and dissatisfaction, I understand, this is about my person. I need to overcome myself. But why?

There is so much feeling, feeling, amid such limited knowledge, like an ambush, in the foliage of my own consciousness, I wait. I am waiting. For what? Shifting further into shade, large palms, spear-like palms, against which a light breeze breaks through. I rest, for a moment, and here I write to you.

Do you mind telling the story of how you began writing and how your writing has shifted and developed over the years?

I began to write as a companion to painting. As a kind of visual practice, I experimented a lot with automatic writing and with performance. I was eighteen. And then, a couple of years later, I shifted to writing completely, because I couldn’t figure out how to do it. I mean, I think the reason I continue to write is because I still don’t quite know how to do it.

Did you feel you knew too much about painting? Or what?

Painting, I'd like to go back to painting. But painting has its own problems in the age of new media.

Anyway, painting, at the time, never claimed to be a transparent medium, while language, on the other hand, claimed so many things: clarity, meaning, historical continuity . . . And yet, within these transactions, so many things can go wrong.

I was interested in false starts, dead ends, the intricate labyrinth of our symbolic life, leading nowhere and everywhere.

You know how an ON/OFF switch can be so terrifying, or how a dial that can turn or be, say, used to tune, seems more gentle than a cut-and-dry one way or another situation... it seems that to be able to say "I still don't quite know how to do it," you're admitting into doing the continuation of writing not one way or another, you're inviting into your writing anything that will happen to be entering it.

I know this is pretty vague, almost, impossibly vague, but, and it would be ridiculous for me to say, so then, can you say something about what it is you don't know how to do (ridiculous kind of like when one says I've lost something and one's well-meaning friend says well, then, do you know where you lost it?)

Funny, I never found the ON/OFF switch to be terrifying, but I see how clear delineation of light and dark can produce this terror.

I guess, when I say "I still don't quite know how to do it," I mean: I am always asking myself what writing is. I am not a person for whom writing comes easily. I have never quite felt at ease, in its company. But it is this discomfort that is, in the end, most exacting, and you can sense, I think,

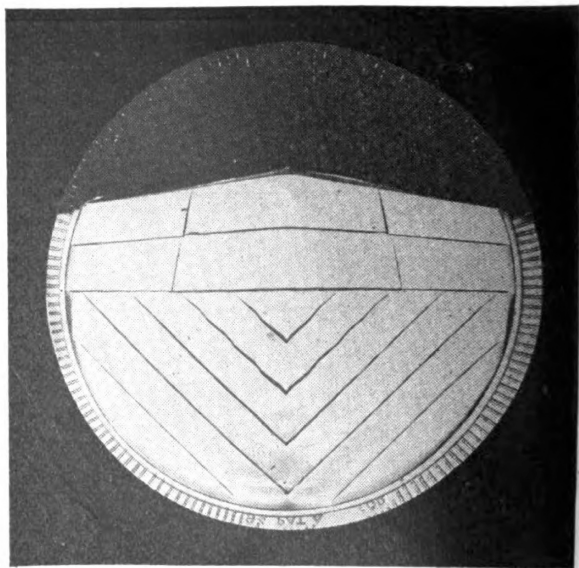
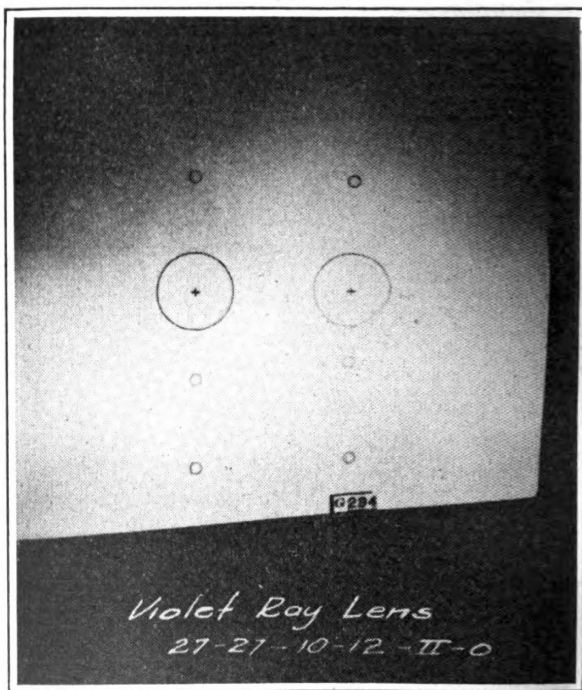
a stutter-seeking determination in the poems, a severity of negation, and the hope for lightness, an absolute cruelty.

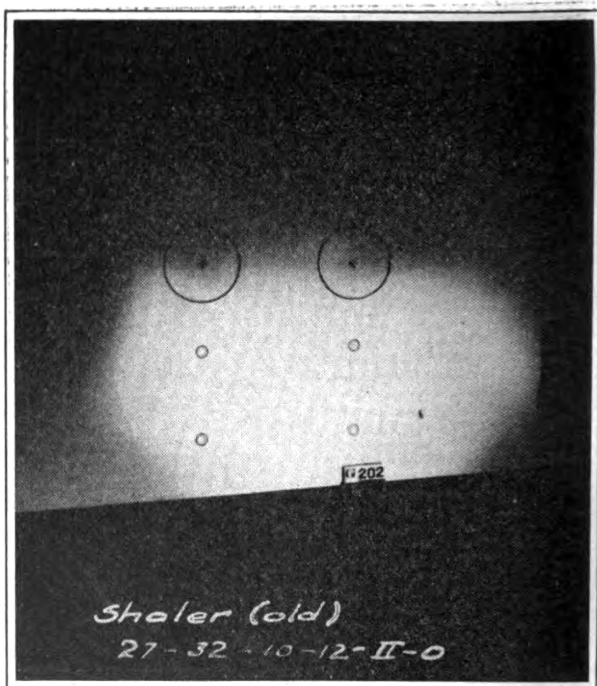
The end of Celan's poem "Tübingen, Jänner," which I think of often, returns to the twilight of Hölderlin's later language, a stutter, nothing . . . Here his writing disintegrates but it is also the only way in which writing is possible, in the cinders. As cinder.

Do you mind telling about your reading habits? Not so much what you're reading but how you read. Not that anyone reads just one way or another, but we all can notice how we read: and how we read at different times: with a pencil in our hands, skeptically, copacetically, hesitantly, full steam ahead, relentlessly, with curiosity, combatively, collaboratively, you see the drift, do you recognize any ways you might name you prefer or are inclined to feel provide more meaningful reading experiences?

I read in bursts. I will go through long periods of not-reading, of not-anything, and then fall into a pit of confused listening. I say listening because when I am in my not-reading/not-anything period my mind is closed/I close my mind. Half void, half twilight. It is alive, but chooses no language. Experiences, during this time, are not exchangeable. Which is to say that when I start to read again, it is the first time.

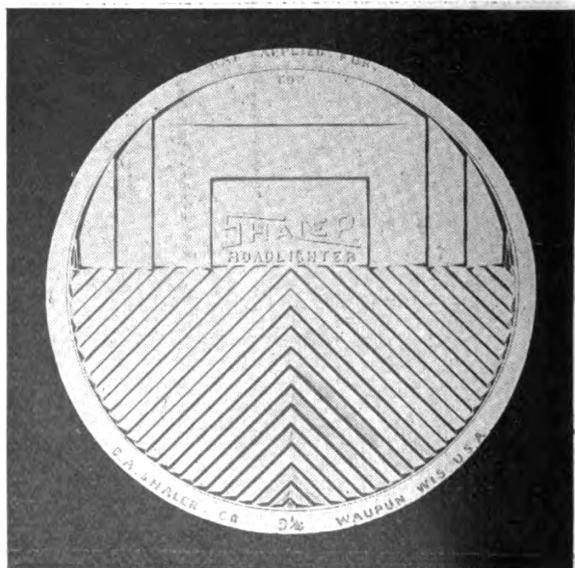
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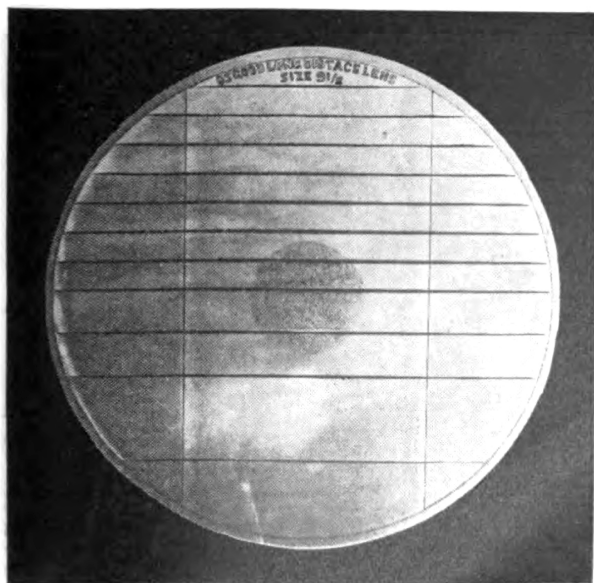
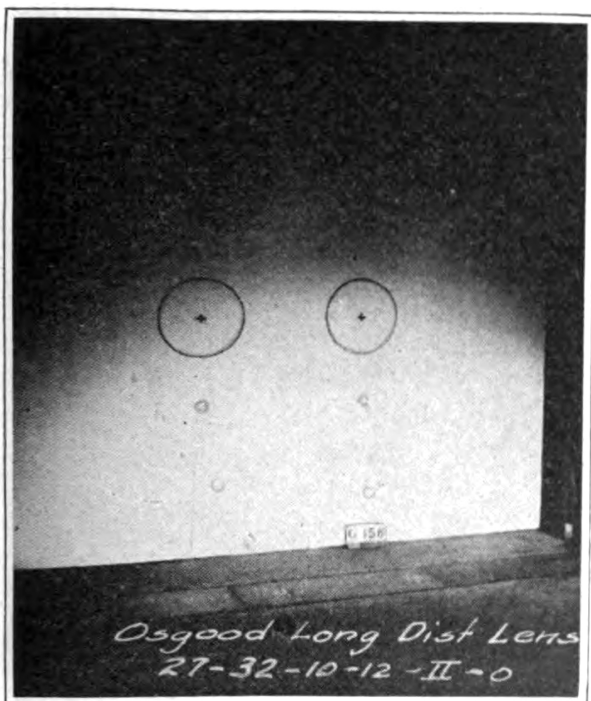


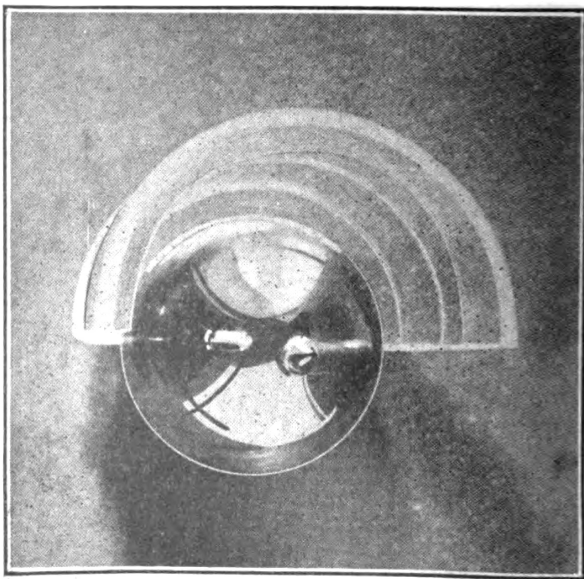
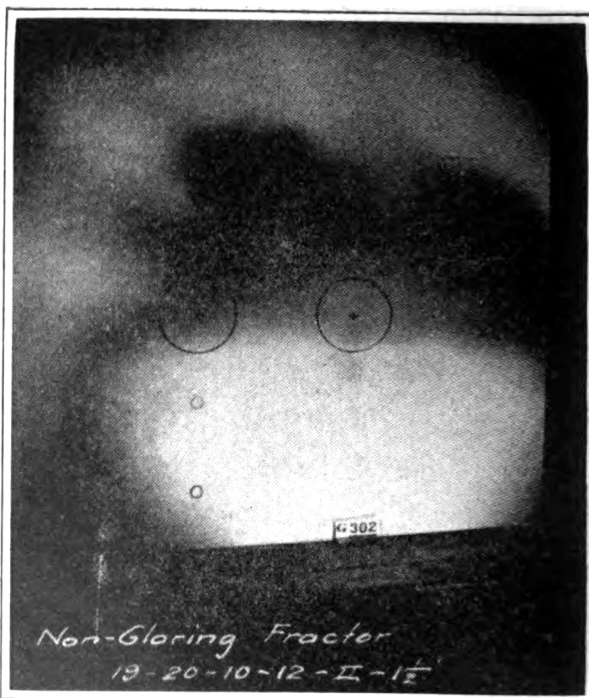


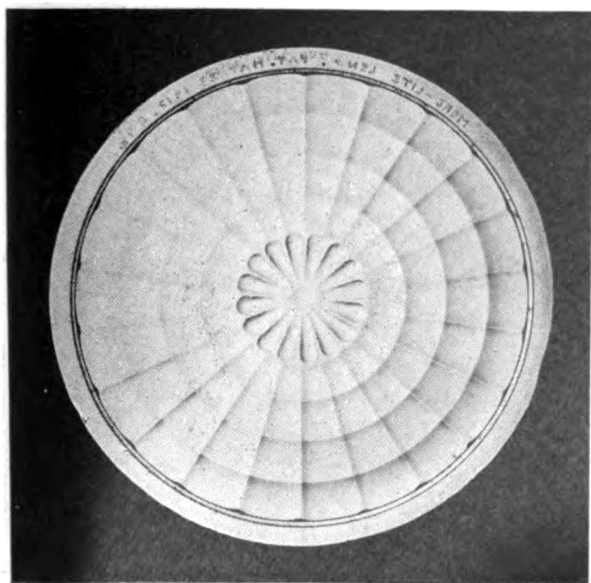
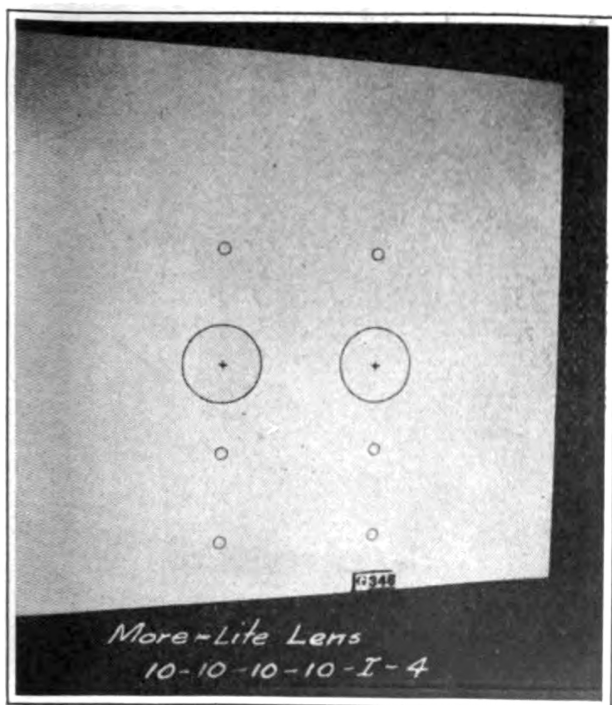
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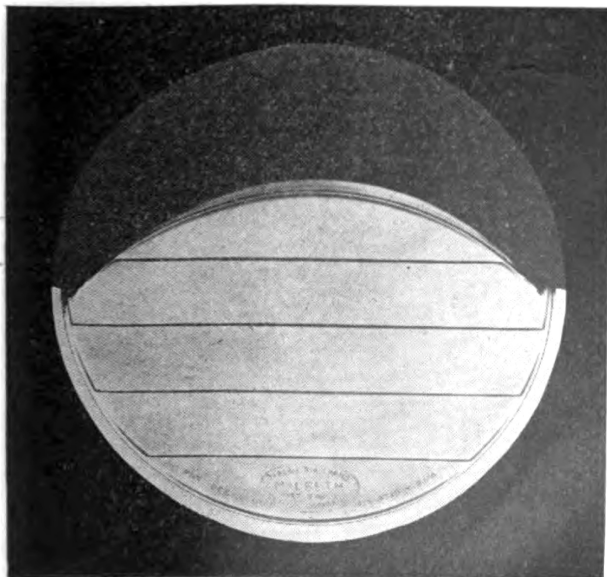
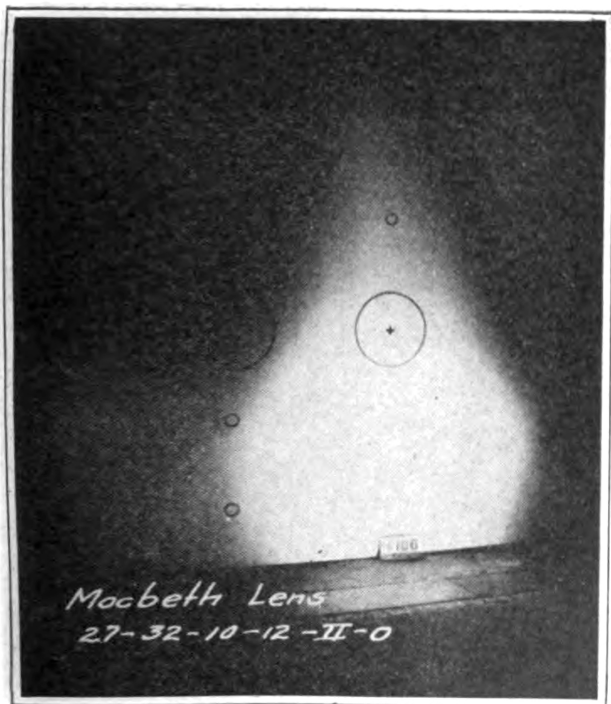
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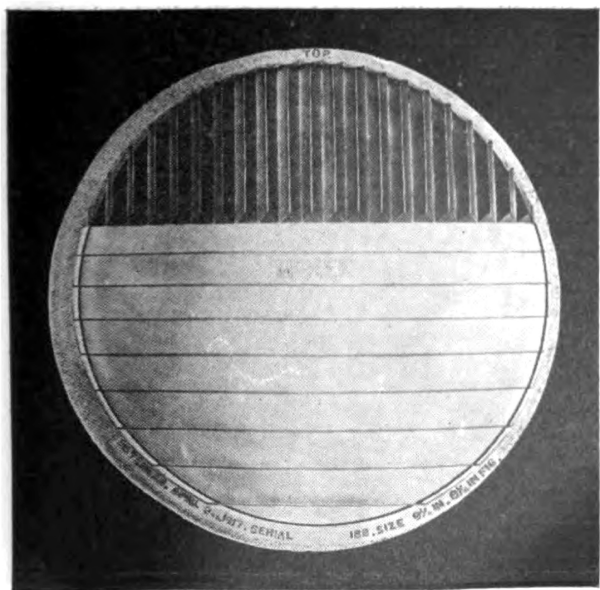
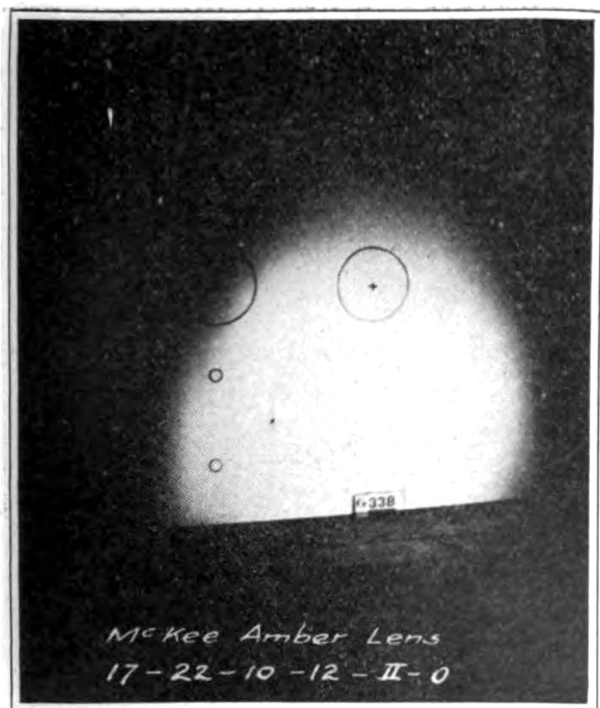


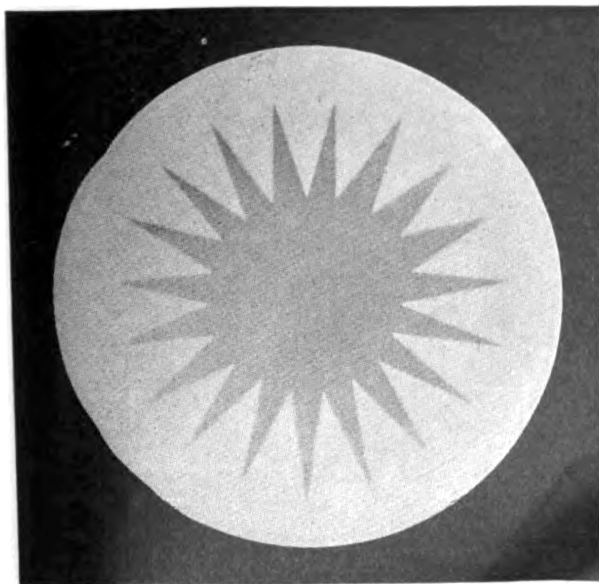


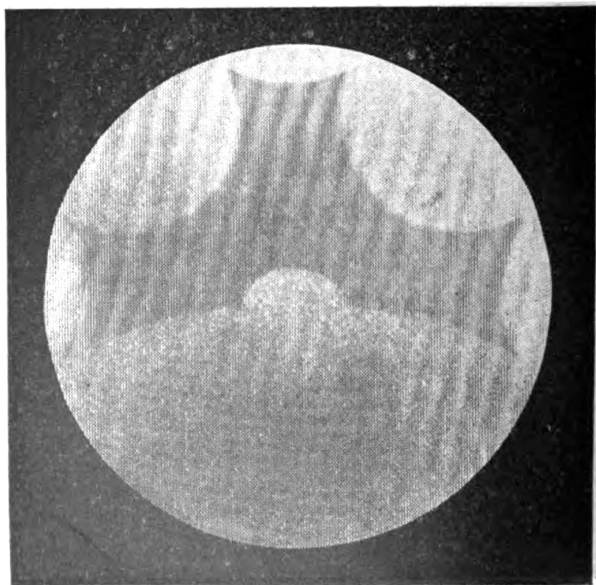
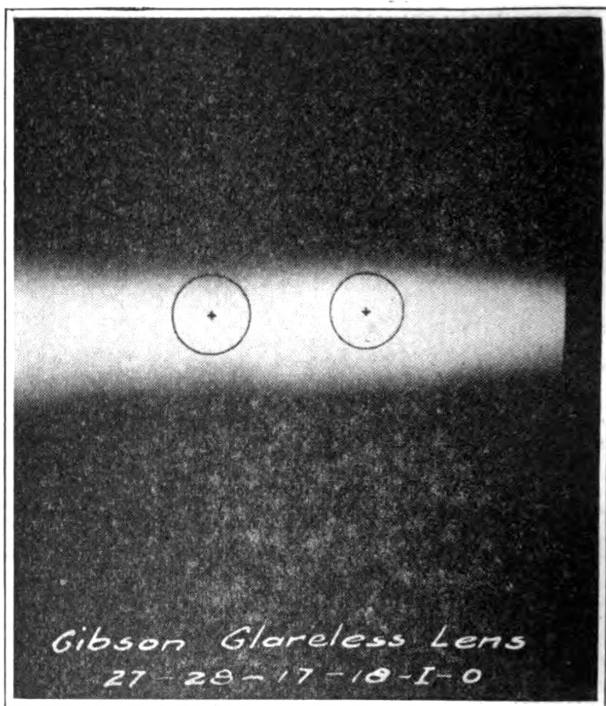


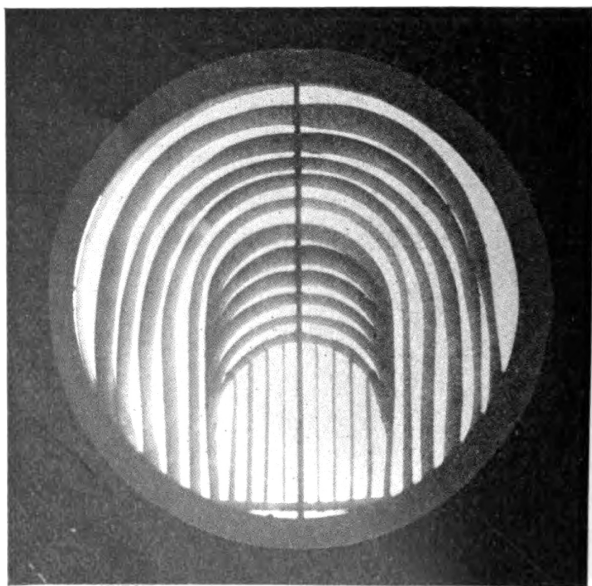
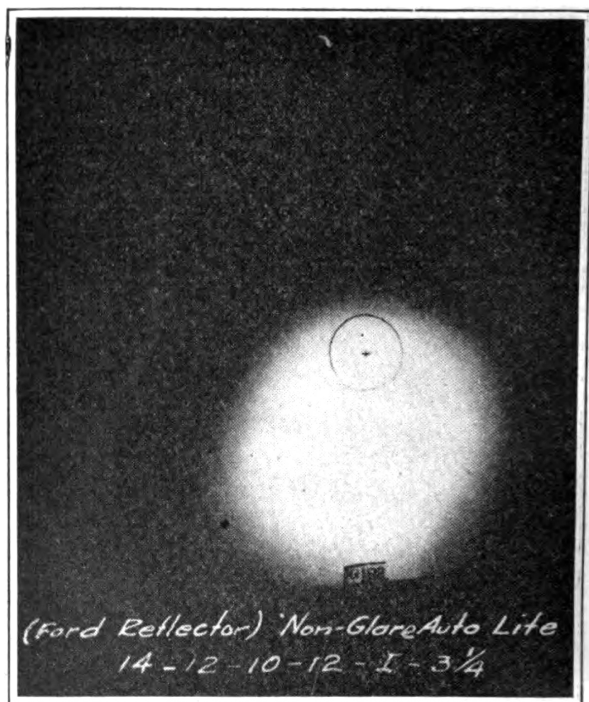


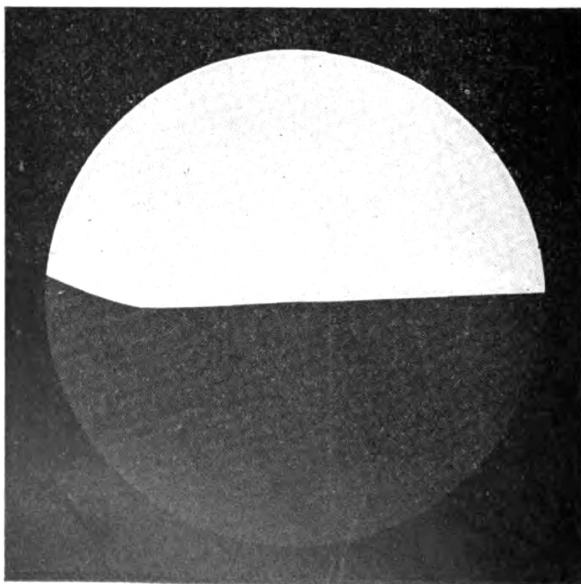
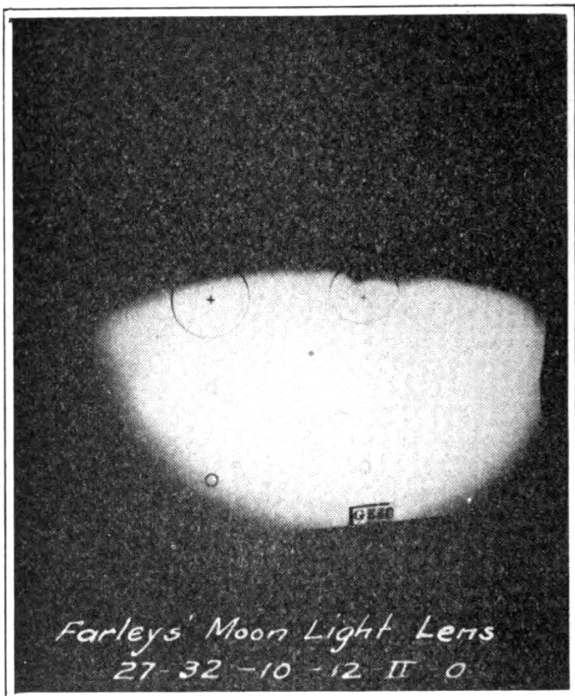


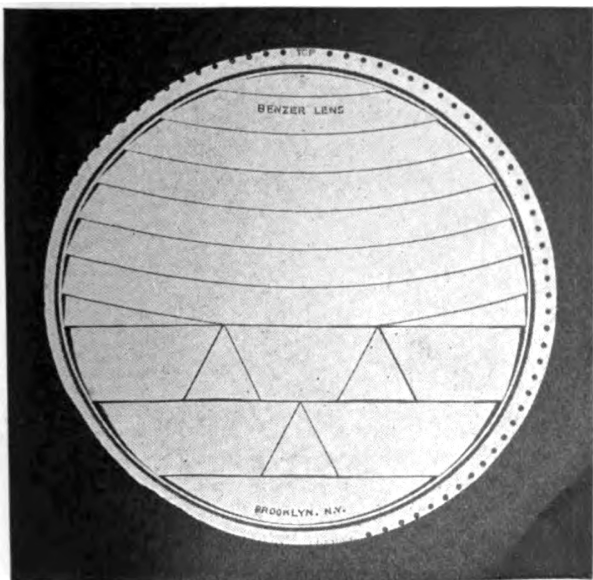
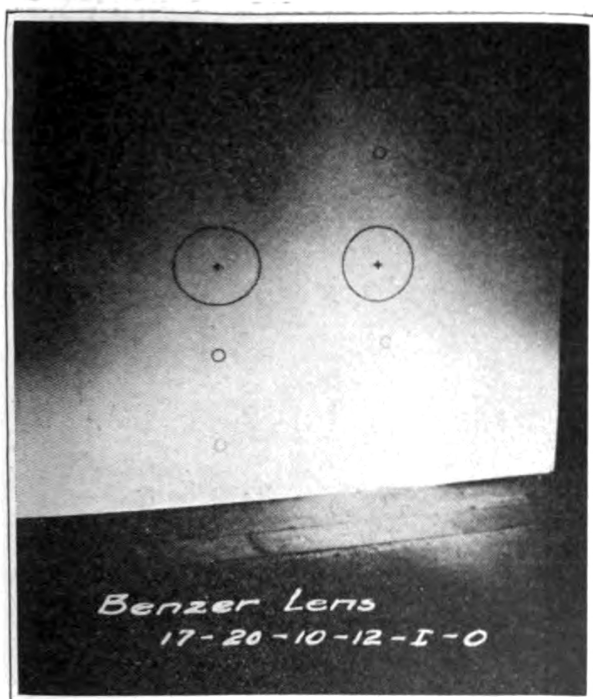


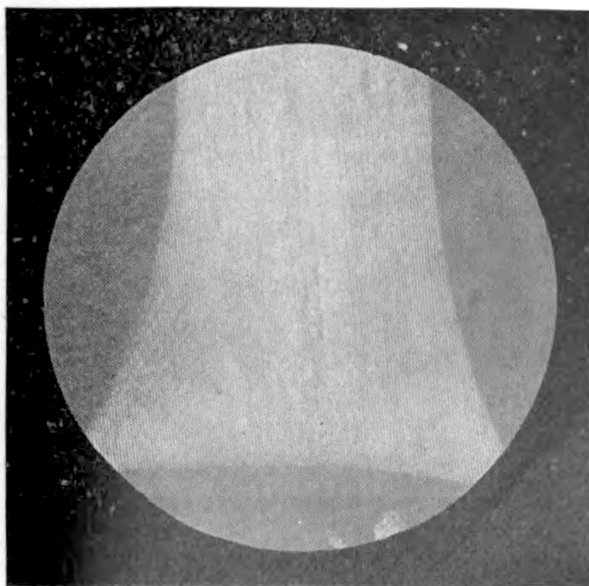
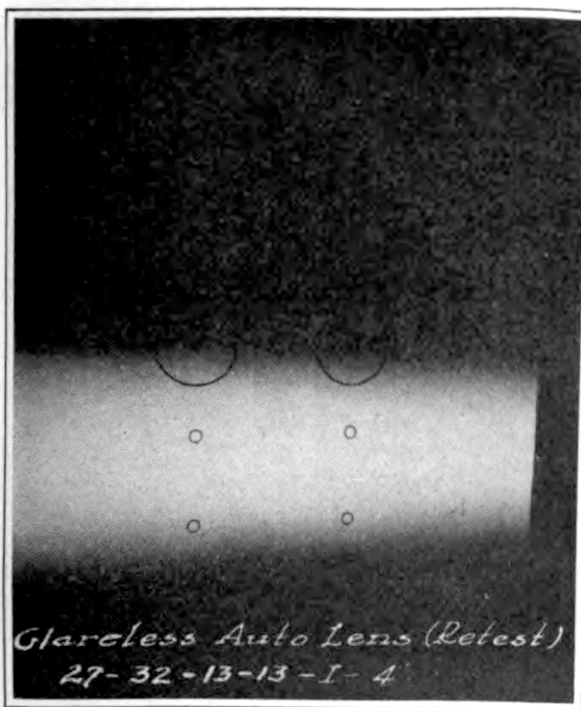












Don't forget to give warning of approach to pedestrians and riders or drivers of animals or vehicles being overtaken.

Don't "cut in" short after passing a vehicle.

Don't "hog" the road.

Don't run closer than fifteen feet to any vehicle, person or animal moving in front of you.

Don't disregard rights of way.

Don't cut corners.

Don't frighten horses.

Don't pass a vehicle going in the same direction at any street intersection unless directed by a traffic officer.

Don't give wrong arm signals.

Don't coast in mountains where there is not a clear view for at least a distance of 100 yards.

Don't neglect to sound horn at curves on mountain roads.

Don't leave car standing on main traveled portion of road while being repaired or while camping.

Don't carry luggage projecting more than 12 inches on the left-hand side of car.

Don't discharge firearms on any public highway.

Don't turn except at corners in business districts and closely built up sections.

Don't leave car standing within 15 feet of fire hydrant.

Don't change the course of your motor vehicle without giving the proper signal.

Don't drive a car without the owner's consent. This is punishable by imprisonment in state prison for not less than one year nor more than five years.

CONTRIBUTORS

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